

# Mind



# Matter.

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NO. 18.

## ANNIVERSARY POEM.—JUBILANT!

BY HORACE M. RICHARDS.

Another year has rolled away—  
Into the silent past,  
Another jubilee to-day,  
Is added to the last.

I feel the mighty current  
That sweeps the earth along,  
And my soul keeps step to music,  
Of Nature's holy song.

There is a grand and rhythmic measure,  
In the march of every star,  
That fills my soul with grandeur,  
As I gaze on it afar.

I know that countless ages  
Lie buried in the past—  
That Nature on her pages,  
Will prove this truth at last.

I know that God holds in His hand,  
These ages as they roll,  
His care is over every land,  
And every human soul.

The mighty ones who walk the earth,  
Or weakest of them all,  
His hand has held since hour of birth,  
Each answers to His call.

I hear a swelling chorus,  
Resounding from the sky,  
I know that close unto us,  
The angel-world draweth nigh.

I know dear forms we laid away,  
Beneath the flowers to sleep;  
Their spirits congregate to-day,  
This jubilee to keep!

Their voices join in every prayer—  
Each song we sing repeat—  
I feel their presence everywhere,  
There is no vacant seat.

Their holy influence claims me,  
Till sweetly o'er my soul,  
A far diviner melody,  
In waves of music roll.

I feel a glad thanksgiving,  
And my soul is full of praise,  
To know that I am living,  
In these grand progressive days.

I feel the coming conflict,  
That tests the worst of men,  
When armed hosts will rally,  
From mountain and from glen.

Truth's mighty forces gather,  
As stars that gem the night,  
I know the coming victory—  
Will be for God and right.

We nevermore need question  
The power that rules our land,  
He holds the mountain and the valley  
In the hollow of His hand.

Springfield, Ohio, 1880.

## MODERN REVELATIONS.

CONTRIBUTED WITH REMARKS BY A. G. HOLLISTER.

At Watervliet, now Shakers, Albany County, N. Y., in January, 1838, as Elizabeth Youngs and Eliza Ask were about to enter their lodging, they met Lydia Wood on the doorstep, who said: "Don't you see how the door yard looks? It is full of lights." Elizabeth wrote: "We looked around, and the air was full of spirits, or angels; these we could see with our naked eyes. We looked upward and the heavens were encircled with spirits marching in ranks. We could not tell how many deep, but judged from appearance that they were twelve deep, all moving around the sky with time and motion, like the circles in a Shaker meeting. One of the ranks had trumpets, which at first were difficult to know what they were, for we first saw the trumpet like a white funnel, then we saw one angel take the end in his left hand and put it to his mouth, and took hold with his right to blow withal. Soon we saw all the ranks have trumpets. Lydia say one come down to the earth with his trumpet."

Elizabeth Young was leading Elder Sister in the family where the extraordinary work among Shakers began in August, 1838, and wrote an account of the foregoing singular vision (seen by three individuals in their wakeful state), in a letter from which this was taken, addressed to her brother at Mt. Lebanon, in April following. In September, 1844, an inspired witness living in another family at the same place, testified in an assembly for worship: "I see the angels of God descending to earth in innumerable companies. I see them by thousands and tens of thousands in the immensity of space. They come armed with the power and brightness of God, to execute His righteous will."

In April, 1843, another medium, residing in still another family, at the same place, wrote as follows: "Being called upon to write soon after I entered the room where my writing materials were, I had spiritual views of things which to me were unaccountable. I saw a long table which seemed to be a dark place, surrounded with spirits dressed in black from head to foot. They appeared to be engaged about something which I could not clearly see, but was informed they were gambling. I was much surprised at this, not having the least idea that disembodied spirits had the means or even the desire to gratify their evil propensities in this way. I then saw others sporting in the highest glee of carnal recreation, such as dancing, frolicking, scuffling, and the like. While I paused in astonishment, wondering what it all meant, I heard these words: 'This is the situation of those who have not been awakened to feel tribulation about their souls; who left this world in a natural and unsubdued state, with all the cravings of the carnal mind upon them, the same as they had while in time.'

I became alarmed, fearing I should be required to write something on this subject which would be hard for mortals to believe. But in compliance with the word of the [directing] angel, I bowed

three times, and earnestly prayed to God that I might be protected from error in the communications I was called to write in His holy and eternal name. I then arose from my knees, and in the solemn fear of God, under as much tribulation as I felt able to bear, made ready to write whatever should be given to me, not knowing in the least what was to be written. \* \* \*

Thus saith the holy angel: "The world of mankind lie under gross errors in their opinions concerning the state of the wicked who have left their mortal bodies and gone into the world of spirits; and also concerning the state of those who are more righteous. And it is the mind and will of God to send forth His holy and eternal word, to do away with all mystery and clothe the world with a right understanding, that they may know of things that are invisible, even as they know of things visible. For God hath created the light, and shall He forever keep it hid under a bushel? Shall He not cause it to shine abroad when His times are accomplished? Truly the light which God created to give light to the world shall shine abroad and every eye shall behold it, even to the ends of the earth; and every ear shall hear of the coming of the Son of man, and shall see the light of his coming, which shall shine into all dark and solitary places, where nought but darkness hath covered the earth and gross darkness the people. Isa. ix., 2. God in His everlasting mercy hath decreed that light shall shine abroad, and that every soul, who will, may receive a right understanding of the mysteries of godliness which are calculated to undermine and overthrow the mysteries of iniquity."

Indeed, mankind at the present day (1843) are so dark and benighted in their views of God, and of His righteous requirements and judgments, that they know nothing aright of the state of disembodied souls. \* \* \* And for this cause has the Lord, the fountain of all light and understanding, condescended to open His mouth and enlighten the world in greater and greater degrees, that they may know God and His holy way from the least unto the greatest; and that they may have right views of the invisible world, even as they can view and comprehend things which are made visible to the natural eye."

The multitude of mediums since raised up and employed in receiving and communicating messages from the recently departed of all classes in society, are spreading much knowledge of spirit states and conditions, particularly of those in the sphere nearest to earth. And, though rudimentary in character, it awakens the interest of the masses, instructs the ignorant, solaces the poor, comforts the mourning, creates a desire for higher spiritual revelations, strengthens that faith and confers an experience which renders higher revelations possible; for these cannot be made faster than the growth of intelligence to receive and apply them. Thus, while very few ever heard those revelations which brought so much concern for fear they would not be believed, we see that many myriad of the present generation are diligently working to confirm them, and the next, starting upon the vantage-ground gained by the present, will doubtless far exceed. More light is still the cry, and the more it is applied to practice, the greater the demand will be, and greater the supply. The testimony of the last medium quoted, was introductory to the following communication:

"Thus saith the Lord, 'How plain and easy is my way! although its beauty and excellence is far from me.'"

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visible or invisible, and darkness will gather to darkness in the same manner. Day and night will exist both in time and eternity, and there are many grades of inhabitants in eternity as there are in time.

"Yet there is but one way (of justification) for all souls, whether in time or eternity, and that is the strait way which admits of no sin, nor of any soul that hath committed sin, until a full and honest confession of the same shall be made to the witnesses of God who are the light of the world. All the soul's words and ways must sooner or later be brought to the judgment seat, or the soul remain miserable forever. Then where can be the gain in prolonging a life of iniquity? Souls are liable to commit more sin after leaving the body than before, but with less pleasure, not having the means to accomplish their designs of pleasure to the same extent as while in time, yet the spirit moves with greater activity. But sufficient means are given for every one to choose good or evil, both in time and eternity, and to give all a perfectly free choice.

"The honest sincere soul that is seeking after righteousness, and is willing to sacrifice all things to obtain it, and in this humble dependant spirit crieth to me continually, his prayers are heard and answered in my own time. But they who continue to pursue pleasure and self-gratification, find sufficient to divert them from the pursuit of righteousness until they are called to judgment. Then they must yield obedience to the light given them, or after a fair trial they will be bound in chains of darkness, and the power of gratification will be taken away, but the raging fire of their passions will become their tormentors. For every act of sin strengthens those passions which lead to sin; therefore the longer souls follow their own ways and wills in sinful gratifications, the more deplorable is their state and the greater will be their sufferings. You read of war in heaven, which is a warfare of the soul against the powers of evil in those who seek the kingdom of heaven and its purity. This is the spiritual warfare, and ye have the same on earth. Ye also have the warfare which is carnal, wherein men seek to slay or capture each other; and as the earth and things therein are in imitation of the invisible world, why not carnal wars therein?" \* \* \*

For, as few have opportunity to prove their integrity while in time, how inconsistent would be man's free agency if not allowed this power in the world of spirits.

"Souls are more liable saith the Lord, to become hardened in iniquity, after becoming inhabitants of eternity than before, for they see nought to meet their expectations concerning the invisible world, but find the appearance of things in eternity as they were in time. Therefore they are ready to believe there is no God, that all things came by chance, and that the more gratifications and pleasures they can enjoy, the better for them; for the glories of the invisible world are as really hid from the wicked world, in eternity, as from those in time. Neither are they visible to souls in the world of spirits any more than to mortals, only by a gift of God, excepting those things which belong to their own order. There have been and still may be gifts of visions, to show souls walking in darkness the state of the righteous, and also the state of the wicked, that they may know there is a God, and a state of future rewards and punishments. But as it is in time, so in eternity these things are soon passed off as a delusion, and souls become more hardened than before.

"This is the state of mankind in the invisible world before they meet and prove themselves by the light. Until souls have an offer of the (everlasting) gospel, or have received sufficient light to guide them in the way of all purity, and knowingly and willfully sin against that light, they are never wholly given over to the power of the devil (adversary, see Rev xii, 9,) to be compassed about by the flames of hell. For souls are accountable according to the light they receive, and they who walk according to the best light and understanding given them, are held by the protecting arm of the Almighty, in degrees according to their uprightness, until He in His wisdom sees fit to call them to seek mercy in the one order of His appointment.

"In this little knowledge which I have communicated, saith the Lord, may ye if ye will, begin to see and contemplate upon the mysteries of eternity. Souls there, are gathered to the gospel of Christ's second appearing by various ways and means, the same as those in time, and have to pass through the same struggles with the enmity of their (depraved) natures, to conform to the requirements of the gospel, that the man of sin in themselves may be bound hand and foot, as those who dwell in earthly tabernacles.

"By this ye may see it is far more glorious for those who hear the gospel to obey it while in time, for in this they render a more willing sacrifice than those who are driven to it in eternity, after seeing the failure of all other pursuits, except the one strait and narrow path of true self-denial and punctual obedience, to gain eternal and abiding happiness. Therefore I speak these things that souls may know in what manner to look for the coming of their Lord, and that there is but one way of life in time and eternity."

The foregoing is an abridged copy of part of the communication referred to, and is intended to give the chief points so far as it goes. Whatever may be thought of the inspiring intelligence, it must have acted in unison with the power that controls the spiritual manifestations which are now proving these things to the understanding of people, as fast as they are willing to learn them.

Viewed as a revelation, it vindicates the perfect justice and righteousness of God, who is "A fountain of light, love, and goodness," neither arbitrary nor austere, though His laws will not bend to capricious desire. Having endowed man with limited free agency as the basis of rational action and happiness, He thereby ordained the only just law of compensation, viz: "Every one shall be rewarded according to his works, whether good or evil." But as man was made to do righteous works only, no others being accepted nor able to procure happiness, and these cannot be performed intelligently without Divine knowledge, and knowledge is not inherited but acquired, it follows that no one can fulfill the purpose of their creation without opportunity to acquire and practice this knowledge.

As it is quite certain that a large proportion of the human family never had this opportunity while in time, therefore reason and revelation both assure us that probation continues, the gospel is preached and the power of repentance is administered to spirits in the land of souls. 1 Pet. iii., 19, 20; iv., 6. That Almighty Wisdom who sees the end from the beginning, and plans His works with reference to foreordained issues, does not arbitrarily annul or suppress the power of free agency in any one or ones, until they have been properly enlightened and had ample opportunity to decide their own destiny by works freely performed with a knowledge of the consequences. Nor does He, like some misguided mortals, arbitrarily coerce the conscience which He created free.

A Letter from a New Contributor.

WESTMINSTER, Mass., March 6th, 1880.

Editor Mind and Matter.

I must thank you for the "Dawning Light." It is very, very beautiful. It is full of light which is constantly dawning upon me in connection with your excellent spiritual paper. I can't express to you how welcome it is to me every Saturday.

I feel almost isolated here, being a stranger, not yet knowing if a believer in spirit return dwells near me. But I do know I am surrounded by the old sectarian spirit of orthodoxy, and one very sad case I feel like writing you. A lady of culture is verging on insanity, who is a believer (also her father of 80 years) in the literal meaning of such expressions as this in the New Testament: "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the Devil and his angels."

This lady, I am told, feels she is lost forever and no prayer can save her. She says her mother and sister in spirit-life come into her presence and sweep by her, repeating the passage I have just quoted, because she, when they were here, neglected some duty she owed them for their personal comfort. Insanity, I am told, is hereditary in her family; but I should be insane if I believed such a horrid doctrine. How can those who do be so indifferent? Why I would only care for a crust, and I would give my life, if it was true, to just save one soul from eternal misery. I hope to meet with this lady, and if I can humbly serve her, by giving her one ray of light, I shall be glad. The "Dawning Light" is needed in so many souls!

As fast as I read your papers I send them away to friends. I dislike to part with them, but I send them, hoping to get subscribers. May I ask if you will print an invocation preceding the questions and answers? I have read some very beautiful ones in the *Banner of Light* in times past. I don't understand terms like this, "M. S. 30," in reference to Benjamin Hunter in this paper. If not too much trouble, please explain and oblige your grateful reader,

Mrs. A. F. SAWTELLE.

P. S. May a host of angels guard and keep you. We need brave souls like you to lead us to the truth. I offer a few simple lines for the Children's Column, if you think best. They may seem in advance of the season; but my sunny windows are full of flowers, and they are an inspiration to me.

A. F. S.

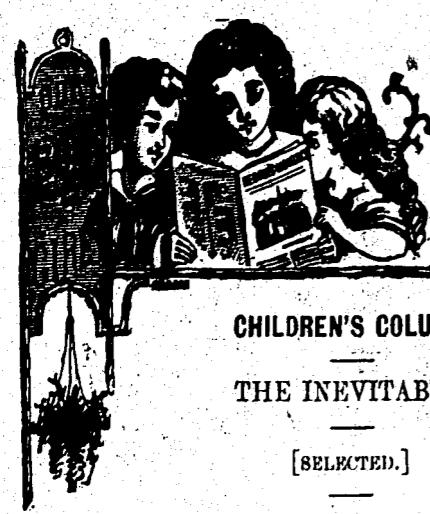
We answer our esteemed correspondent's question as to our method of dating events by saying we recognize the dawn of Modern Spiritualism, at the residence of Mr. Fox, at Hydesville, N. Y., on the 31st of March, A. D. 1848, as marking a new and most important epoch in human events. We have therefore adopted it as the commencement of a new era. Instead of dating Anno Domini, the year of the Lord, we date according to the era of Modern Spiritualism, which we abbreviate by the letters M. S. The 32d year of Modern Spiritualism will end on the 30th of March, and the 33d year begins with the 31st of March.—Kb.

Special Notice from "Bliss' Chief's" Band.

"Me, Red Cloud, speak for Blackfoot, the great Medicine Chief from happy hunting ground. He say he love white chiefs and squaws. He travel like the wind. He go to circles. Him big chief. Blackfoot want much work to do. Him want to show him healing power. Make sick people well. Where paper go, Blackfoot go. Go quick. Send right away. No wampum for three moons!"

Those who are sick in body or mind will be furnished with magnetized paper for the space of three months without other charge than three three-cent stamps to pay postage. From what we know of the power of these spirit friends we feel warranted in encouraging the afflicted in seeking their services in the way suggested. Circles sitting for development will find their object promoted by sending for some of the prepared paper. Address, James A. Bliss, this office.

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## CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

## THE INEVITABLE.

[SELECTED.]

Behold that boy in naval blue,  
With suburban locks so soft and rich,  
And earnest eyes that look one through:  
His toy-ship sailing in the ditch.

I know him well: he hath a love,  
An eager hankering for the sea;  
All other hankernings above,  
And strong as life itself may be.

And I am sure, if he should live,  
Ere ten more summers deck the plain,  
This cottage by the ditch will give  
Another landsman to the main.

## Our Baby Dick.

BY A BOY.

At least, he wasn't our baby; but, then, he was Baby Dick, and ours, too. And this is how it all happened:

Fred had been awful provoking of me that morning. What, with one thing and another, that I won't tell on him now, I had got rather wrathful by noon-time. So, when Fred followed me into the vestibule at home, and made a grab at the books I had laid down at the foot of the stairs, I just caught up the first thing next to my hand and let drive at him.

It was a stick of wood I had been fashioning into a bow before school. He was always good at dodging, and was out through the doorway quicker than the stick.

There was a cry, though, that instant from the street:

"Baby Dick! Who struck Baby Dick?"

The first thing I knew next, I was out on the pavement, and down on my knees, too, beside Baby Dick's little wagon.

Everybody knew Baby Dick. He wasn't a baby, either, for he was nigh twelve years old. But, then, he wasn't near as big as me; and his back had a big, ugly hump on it; and his legs were sort of withered up; and his face and hands were so white and thin; and his eyes were large, and kind of like the baby's eyes, that are still soft enough to see the angels sometimes.

The ugly stick had struck him right near the temple, for there was a bruise and a little blood.

"You did it, Harry Somers—you know you did!" cried out Bill Smith, who had hold of the tongue as horse.

At once Baby Dick spoke up, in his low voice:

"Harry didn't mean to, anyhow—did you, Harry?"

"Hit me back again, Baby Dick—and hit me hard! Please do," said I; "it'll make me feel better."

"It's as much my fault as yours," spoke up Fred now; "for I got his mad up a-worrying him."

"Never mind about it, boys. And take me round to father's, won't you?" coaxed Baby Dick.

With that, he settled back in his wooden wagon, and shut his eyes, and got paler than ever.

So we took him quietly around to Harvey's carpenter-shop, without saying one word on the way. There were four of us had hold of the tongue, and two pushed behind; and little Johnny ran ahead to tell his father we were coming.

"What's this, boys? What's been the matter?" asked he.

It almost choked me to say:

"I did it, Mr. Harvey. You may whip me hard; I won't cry."

But he didn't seem to mind me. He only lifted up Baby Dick in his strong arms, all kind of lumber-like, and with his big eyes shut tight. Bill Smith was trotted off quickly for the doctor. Us boys were sent away home, to get our dinners and go back to school. That was a sorry afternoon, though the boys didn't seem to blame me at all.

At supper-time, I heard father say to mother:

"Baby Dick is quite feverish, and it may go quite hard with him, the doctor says. He has always been a weakly child since his birth. Poor creature! How much better off he would be in heaven!"

I couldn't eat any more after that, for something seemed to choke up again in my throat.

Baby Dick always had been a good bit like an angel—kind, and good, and soft-spoken. He never seemed a bit jealous of us boys, either, who could run about, and slide, and skate, and go a-coasting, and swim, and climb trees.

We all could use our legs as we pleased, while he couldn't do anything but sit in his little wagon, and smile, and tell pretty stories, and talk about what he had read in his own books.

We couldn't do without Baby Dick, either, for he was always a bit of a peace-maker. When two of us boys fell out, he would straighten out the tangle by talking each one over into making up again, and then bring us together just as good friends as ever.

Was Baby Dick really going to be an angel soon? Would he now get rid of his hump, and grow big and rosy, and be able to do all sorts of things, just as if he was one of us? And if he did, wouldn't his death be very much my fault? Wouldn't I be a young Cain? Wouldn't the boys, and the girls, too, when they heard about it, look after me, and whisper about me, and be afraid of me, just if I had a big black mark on my forehead for everybody to take warning by?

It was thoughts like these that kept me a-pitching and a-tossing that night, until my mother said my head was hot, so I must lie quiet and get to sleep. So I said my prayers over again, remembering Baby Dick—to have him well again, please, and to be forgiven myself. After that, I soon was sound asleep.

Next day, Baby Dick was no better. Mother said I might buy him an orange, out of my own money-bank. This was carved of white wood, with a hole at the top to drop in, and a screw at the bottom to open the bank.

So I left the biggest orange I could buy at his home for him, and the next day two; but then his mother told me he hadn't been able to taste the first one yet, and I'd better stop buying.

I recollect it was that same day at recess that our boys made up a new club, not to throw, or

strike, or fight, one another, without being expelled. They made me president, and Fred was captain. We each crossed our breasts, and all said:

"Dare, dare, double dare,  
Never throw a thing again!"

That evening I mustered up courage enough to ask mother if I might give Baby Dick my bank, so his folks could buy what was best for him, as his father had too little a shop to make much money.

I had forgotten all about the gold-pieces lately put in as birthday presents, until she reminded me; and all about how I had planned to buy a pair of goats, with a carriage, for myself out of my own savings.

For a minute, it almost took away my breath to think of giving up what father had said I might have if I would buy them for myself. But then I remembered how Baby Dick was a much better boy than I was and how I owed him something for making him sick.

When I took the bank around to the carpenter shop, Mr. Harvey passed it back to me, after handling it a little while, and said:

"Harry, boy, that is good of you; but, bless you, I don't want to take your money!"

"It ain't for you, Mr. Harvey. It is for Baby Dick, and you must take it—if you please!"

And so I dropped the bank into his old hat, he gave a cough, and mopped his face with his handkerchief, and turned round to his work again without saying a word, until I was lifting up the latch of the door. Then he tossed me a smooth long block, saying:

"There, take that, Harry, and make yourself a boat out of it."

That wasn't the last I saw of Mr. Harvey. Father, somehow, made up his mind then to have several bay windows added to the side of our house, and chose him to do the work. So I got to see him pretty often between the sessions. He brought me messages from Baby Dick—how he had enjoyed some ice-cream bought with my money, and next a banana, and an orange, and so on; and how he hoped soon to be able to see me again.

The time for our meeting did come at last. Baby Dick was still lying on his bed; but he was whiter and thinner than was usual when we kissed one another.

I felt queerish, as if I wanted to laugh right out, and yet my eyes would keep filled up. When Baby Dick began to say, "Harry, you've been so kind, and I want to thank you so much!" I couldn't help crying, like a baby, "Oh, don't, Baby Dick—please don't!" So Baby Dick didn't. He soon had me laughing over one of his cute little stories, which he could tell better than anybody else. And nothing else was ever again said about the way I had behaved myself once.

It wasn't long after when Baby Dick was able to be about again. Us boys made a regular procession, the first time he was able to ride in the street with us. Fred and I had hold of the head of the tongue, and the other boys hung around on all sides, forward and backward. Bill Smith had his drum out, and we kept real good time in marching; and, when we came opposite my home, Fred called out:

"Three cheers for Our Baby Dick!"

That's just the way in which we came to call him *Our Baby Dick*.

He smiled, and wasn't put out a bit about it, though I sometimes think I might have been in his place; but then he didn't mind being little and humped, and petted.

Of course, I told mother all about it. She didn't answer at all for awhile, although I knew she wasn't angry with me, as she kept patting my head. At length she said:

"I think my Harry has been living out a real sermon, and his text is something very like this: 'Never try to hurt, for it may kill!'"

And to think, after all, that the two goats and the cosy carriage were standing, next Christmas morning, in our hall, all harnessed up and waiting for me! Why, I fairly made the whole house ring with shouting. And I tell you, the grandest procession we boys ever had was that Christmas morning when I drove Our Baby Dick out for his first ride in my goat-carriage.—*Golden Days*.

## SOME OF THE DOINGS OF THE SPIRITUALISTS' SOCIABLES AT ROCHESTER, N. Y.

BY JAY CHAPEL.

On Friday evening, the 20th inst., the Spiritualists of this city held one of their semi-monthly sociables in the Academy of Music, on State street. These entertainments have been very successful during the winter, and continue to increase in interest and in numbers; affording not only a refining and elevating influence, but they are a source of revenue to the society.

Those who have worked so assiduously to make them useful and entertaining deserve much credit therefore, and especially the women. I do not call particular attention to them because they are women, but because they deserve it. The Christian church and its adherents continually send forth fulsome praises upon them, while, at the same time they use all their power to block every highway and by-way to their liberty and advancement.

Yet it is a fact, beyond successful contradiction, that every enterprise in life, whether great or small, owes a large share of its success to women than is usually accorded to them. Whenever and wherever men have ignored women, and in their pompous, lordly dignity, have brutally wrenched from her, in the name of God and religion, her natural rights and freedom, they have met at last a humiliating defeat, as they deserved. As Mary Wollstonecraft said so truly nearly a hundred years ago: "Principles are sacred things, and we never play with truth with impunity."

At these sociables, an hour or over, in the early part of the evening, is devoted to intellectual enjoyments—readings, recitations, music and drama. Persons of various ages take part, from the child of eight years, with sparkling eyes and dimpled cheeks, to the old man of eighty winters, with white flowing beard and hair and unsteady step, but whose mind is clear and vigorous. After these exercises the floor is cleared of the chairs, the violins and pianos strike up, causing thrilling emotions to enter the soul and sending the happy, smiling throng, both old and young, whirling in the healthful and invigorating dance till near midnight. It is a pleasure to record that one woman of 78 years, and who never danced until after she was fifty, has taken part in our dancing, with much pleasure and benefit. She is well-known in the world of reform, having protected and fed not only hundreds of fugitive slaves and starving Indians, but has given aid, comfort, advice and a home to suffering mediums from all parts of our

country from the first exciting days of Spiritualism, when the spirit of John Calvin made a bigoted and fanatical mob the young Fox girls in this city.

Those ladies and gentlemen of middle age, who have been frozen in the icebergs of old theology, who have never learned to dance, and want to, and who are just getting thawed out in the sunlight of Freethought, do not despair and say you are too old to learn but take a lesson from this woman whose name is a beacon light to so many weary souls. Dancing is one of the oldest of the fine arts, and is practiced more than any other, both among savage and civilized nations. It is said to have been introduced fifteen hundred years before Christ. The Egyptians practiced it both as a recreation and as a part of their religious exercises, and many of their dances were imitations of the celestial movements and "the harmonies of the universe." In barbarous times men danced alone, as it was deemed very immodest for women to do so. Some of the half brothers of those barbarians, with no more reason, insist to-day, that it is immodest for women to vote; that men should vote alone.

Pious dancers were common in all the Christian churches up to the seventeenth century, and the peasants of all countries have ever been celebrated for their rural and graceful dancing. The Greeks taught all their youth to dance, considering it as necessary, as any other part of their education; and those skilled in the art were honored with golden crowns and not infrequently had monuments erected to their memory. The waltz was introduced by the German soldiers under Napoleon and the gallopade, which is a very rapid dance requiring much skill, by the Hungarians. The polka mazurka, redowa, etc., originated among the peasants of various countries. Coliarus a learned German scholar made the schottische popular, while Lauzin a French courtier, made a fortune by introducing the cotillion about the same time, 1875. The quadrille and waltz were not introduced into England until 1813. Nothing is more conducive to health and happiness than dancing, in a well ordered, and well ventilated room, with good music; and I am glad to see the Spiritualists giving so much attention to its successful accomplishment.

Last evening a very large audience were in attendance and the exercises were opened with an instrumental duet by the Ferguson brothers which was encored. Dr. Fennell and Mr. Sanders, accompanied by Miss Lillie Bonesteel on the piano, sang "The Pilot," with fine effect. Little Emma McCormick recited a ludicrous lecture on "Matrimony." William Critchley gave a good rendering to "Over the Hills to the Poor House." Piano solo by Mrs. Benjamin. Miss Higgins recited "Maud Muller." Song "Love's Request," by Miss Wulschleger. "The Smack in School," by Jessie Bonesteel, however often repeated, is always full of interest and well received.

F. S. Webster as Sir Peter, and Jessie Bonesteel as Lady Teazle, in costume, in a scene from the "School for Scandal," was performed exceedingly well. Little Jessie Bonesteel being a very remarkable child, I think she deserves more than a passing notice. She is eight years old, with bright expressive blue eyes, auburn hair, cut short, and parted on one side, with a high and broad forehead, and when before an audience is as self-possessed, graceful and dignified as many who have been on the stage for several years.

Her inflections, intonations, emphasis and gestures are at once as pleasing as surprising. She can laugh, cry and expostulate, as the occasion requires, with an intelligence and intuition that would do honor to any one three times her years. She is an object of great admiration and love, for, unlike many precocious children, she is quiet and unobtrusive in manners. To the ordinary observer she seems a wonder, but when the laws of mind and hereditary descent are more generally and better understood, as they are being each succeeding year, her great genius will be easily accounted for and comprehended; for it is the unfolding of a beautiful and natural law, and no more factitious than the blossoming of a flower, in all its transcendent beauty and fragrance, when planted in genial soil, and refreshed and invigorated by the dew and rain and the darkness of night and the sunlight of days.

She is the youngest of eleven children, eight of whom are living, of Joseph and Helen S. Norton Bonesteel, who live on their farm in the township of Greece, four miles from the city. This is very fortunate for this precocious child, for the country air, the magnetism from the horses, cattle, and the fields and the delightful rural sports incident to farm life, are much more conducive to the health and vigor of all children, and particularly so of such a child of genius as Jessie, than the stifled, poisonous air of cities. The father is of German descent and the mother is of New England, and a woman of intelligence and enterprise, and though living so far in the country, is an active worker for free thought, and devotes much time to its advancement.

Rochester, N. Y., Feb. 21, M. S. 32.

## The Truth Shall Make You Free Indeed.

To the Editor of Mind and Matter:

DEAR BROTHER:—The thought has several times during the past week presented itself to me, and to-day presses upon me for utterance, to tell to your readers my conclusions regarding Spiritualism. I feel it is a duty I owe to mediums whom I have distrusted in the past, and Spiritualists whom at the best I, in common with other Christians, deemed misguided if not insane. But I am glad that these conclusions were the result of a want of knowledge concerning Spiritualists, and not from prejudice against them.

I have been endeavoring from the early age of twelve years to be a Christian. I have been earnest and honest in this endeavor; and yet there was always that lack of faith in God and love towards Him that Christians claim to have. I did not see the beauty and love in the God character that Christians claim; I could not see the Bible as a holy book; I could not look upon it with the reverence and love that Christians required. I deplored my incompetency to see these things from a Christian standpoint. I spent hours in prayer, imploring God to manifest Himself so that I would be convinced, but never received the least convincing proof. I have followed the injunction of those who professed to know and understand the way, viz.: to believe without evidence, and to rely on God by a blind faith. And I have stood up hundreds of times in the presence of the people, and uttered the most daring falsehoods that could be uttered by the tongue of any human being.

Falseness like these: "I know that my sins are all forgiven;" "I know that my name is written in the book of life;" "I know that God loves

me, and owns me for his child;" "I know that I shall be saved, and that my soul will go to heaven when my body dies, and that at the resurrection my body will be raised incorruptible," etc. Now, I believe, I knew just as much about these things I professed to know as anybody knows, and yet I verily knew nothing at all. All was as dark as midnight around me. I saw not one step in the future; neither did God lead me into one pleasant path during all the time that I professed to believe and trust him. I have begged and prayed for hours for just one little ray of light to lead me into brighter paths; but the answer came back from the tyrannical "word," "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." "My grace will be sufficient for you." It bade me be content with slavery. "Submit thyself" etc. I listened; I trusted; I submitted myself, and struggled on until patience ceased to be a virtue, and reason rebelled against the tyranny that bound me hand and foot; and I now I believe that from my early childhood angel guides have been leading me, whose power over me has been such that they would not permit me to accept, and be deluded to a satisfying extent by the doctrines that were daily taught me. These spirit guides have led me, step by step, until the present hour. Owing to the antipathy of the Christian Church to Spiritualism, it was necessary to lead me out of the church and prepare my mind for the reception of the beautiful truths of Spiritualism. I say beautiful—yes, grand—beyond description, are the beauties of Spiritualism as even in the short space of three months, it has been opened up to my view.

It is the key that unlocks the mysteries of the past, over which my childish brain has puzzled, and my sensitive heart has wept; when trying to reconcile myself to the fiendish dogmas that have been kept before my mind, crowding out the heavenly visitors who would have blessed and made me happy.

As I write, my mind goes back to a bare and cheerless attic, where I spent the happiest hours of my childhood. I say happiest, because the hours spent here in solitude, were preferable to the series of strife, and contention with the family who promised my dying parents, to foster and rear me as their own, when they left me a helpless babe of fifteen months. These foster parents told me my parents were wicked people—that they had gone to hell—and told me how much happier I was, than I would have been if my parents had lived, as I would have been ashamed to own my father, who was a miserable drunkard, &c. I was also taught by my foster mother, that if I would be good, I should go to heaven, and never see my parents, nor care either if they were in hell. But innate affections for those who gave me birth, led me to revolt at this unnatural doctrine. In vain I tried to love God, who was willing to do so much better by me, than he had done by my parents.

In short, I verily hated the name of God, and then in terror, for fear of this awful hell, I would beg forgiveness for the thoughts I could not prevent.

Thus my life was tortured, until one night, I had retired alone in my attic, and cried myself to sleep, because I had no one to love or to love me.

## Tradition of Our Dear Spirit Sister Emma Carter.

TRYPHENA C. PARDEE.

The filmy veil of dust is riven—  
The seal is rent disclosing heaven  
And the blooming evermore—  
Fulfilled the dream of life immortal,  
That flashed before earth's hasty portal,

With charms of an eternal shore.

The morning's golden-streaked horizon  
Burst into wastes of wealth surprising,  
A kind angel bands drew nigh;  
And oh! what rapturous visions springing,  
Borne on the strains of mellow singing,

To lift my welcomed soul on high.

As through the vaulted skies advancing,  
My spirit thrilled with sweet entrancing,  
To the breathing illus fair,  
Whose modest heads seemed bent in praying,  
Yet ever and anon were swaying,

To balmy waves of "livening" air.

Heart-moved I bowed, with nature kneeling,  
And oh! what words of mock appealing,  
Burst in burning sense of love,  
For those I left in sorrow weeping,  
Whose tears of mourning drowned their sleeping,

And bound them thoughts to me above.

How tenderly I caught the gleaming  
Of little blue flowers slyly beaming  
Where the silvery brooklets flow,  
Meandering to broad ocean's billows,  
Deep shaded by the slender willows,—

The sweet forget-me-nots below.

And now fresh garlands I am weaving,  
From life-and-blossoms for the grieving,  
Wearing every shade and hue—  
Sweet poppies with the roses blending,  
Supernal soothing never ending,  
Begimmed with health-reviving dew.

Let not a tear or sigh be given,  
That I now feel the joys of heaven,  
From celestial landscapes glow—  
Or walk by waters softly flowing,  
And on their banks small seeds am sowing  
To earthward wash to bud and blow.

Erlington, N. Y., March 15, 1890.

## SPIRIT COMMUNICATIONS.

ALFRED JAMES, MEDIUM.

OSCAR J. PENDLETON.

"Forward!" That is the last word I ever uttered. My name was Oscar J. Pendleton. I was Orderly Sergeant of Company I of the eighth Indiana Volunteers at Shiloh (that is what you call it, I believe). I have come here to-day to say how foolish it is for men to fight—to shoot each other down like dogs—and no good to come out of it whatever. I do not see that things are any better in this country than they were before. (I told him that I thought he took a mistaken view of the matter—that I, like himself, had a great aversion to war, but that I felt there were even greater calamities than war—that by it the American Union had been saved and human slavery abolished in the United States. He replied:) That may be true, but it was this way with me. I was a young man twenty-eight years of age. I left a wife and three children. We were promised that if anything should befall me that my family should be cared for and helped. This has never been done. My wife was unwilling to be separated from her children, so they were unable to avail themselves of the State provision for soldiers' orphans. My change to spirit-life was instantaneous. As quick as a bullet could pierce my brain. My wife is living. Her name is Lucy Pendleton, Vincennes, Indiana. She has almost worked herself to death to maintain her family. This grieves me, and I want to see her relieved. One of my boys was named Oscar, after myself, the second is named Henry, and my girl is named Mary. The oldest boy is seventeen or eighteen years of age. What I wish to ask is this: Is it possible for me to reach a certain man so as to influence him? He made a promise to my family and has not kept it. I think he is a medium, and that I might be able to control him to keep his promise. In coming here I have learned how to operate as a controlling spirit, and I may succeed in controlling him. My condition is about medium here, neither very happy nor very unhappy. I do not want to advance in spirit-life until I can get this matter off my mind.

[That spirit was a lying, deceiving spirit, as I have since ascertained, and he shows to what uses mediums are put by these spirit enemies of truth. What motive this lying control had for his attempt to deceive I can only infer. I suppose it was to see how far he could impose upon my credulity. He signally failed. I give the communication as a good specimen of what a lying spirit can do when he sets about his deceptions.—J. M. R.]

## GOTLIEB ZABAMER.

Well, how you do? Och! me feel goot. Ich been Gotlieb Zabamer, I liff in Stuttgart, Germany. You see dat ish de way ich fool away my life. (He went through the motion of pouring liquids from one vial into another). Ich mixed—mixed to make gett. Me frau and childer be half starved mit di dom—foolery. Shine Ich got to spirit-life Ich been working at de shaming. Ich been in spirit-life ochtsy (80) year. I come here to dell you dish chemistry is one grating. Ich love him mooch. Ich spend me dime in spirit-life at him. Would you belief dat dese beobes vot kill demshelves do it because de human machine ish out of order, and de chemical elements do not harmonize wid each oder. Dere ish vot man in spirit life—one Leibig. Ich talk mit him. He say a new force can be mate out of swy materials, und dot dish force will produce a revolution in human affairs. He say the eternal essences are vot nefer can be known until man fint dem out himself. Ich was only a student. Ich was known as a deacher of chemistry when here. Ich come back to say dis. Ich fint de chemical compounds in me own nature was one sided. Ich found dis out in spirit-life. Ich want to led you know von ding dat will throw light on de higher Shpiritualism. Have not de power now. I will come again. Guther daag.

[I have every reason to believe that communication was also the work of a lying and deceiving spirit, as it was followed by one from a Catholic priest, who no doubt thought in that way to mislead me. I publish these communications in order to give others the benefit of the instruction they afford in giving weight to the injunction, "Try the spirits."—J. M. R.]

## LEMUEL JOSEPHS.

Good MORNING:—I was an English Jew. I held fast to the faith of Abraham; but I have changed lately. Why I have changed I will tell you. I met one whom I have not seen since I entered into this life beyond. She was my sister. She said to me, "Lemuel, faith has kept you back. Be quick to discard it. Look up." She pointed upward and I saw many old friends who had preceded me to this life. Sir, do all you can to start men right here. A good foundation generally leads to good results. What brought me here?

you may want to know. I was brought here by one who has been here before and he tells me to thank you for the advice you gave him. His name was Barry. My sister also told me to come back and I would find those who would elevate me quicker than she could do. There is one thing which keeps me back. I have no aim. It is all confusion—mystery! I understand it not. Now what can I do, or how can I get my ideas fixed upon one point, so that I can see my way clearer and brighter? My name was Lemuel Josephs. It is many years since I went away, in London, England, at the age of forty-four. I was known as a pawnbroker. (I asked him how he had passed his time in spirit life, to which he replied.) Well I will tell you my experiences just as they have been. It was like a road with by-paths leading in every direction which confused me and left me without my knowing which one to take to lead me to a better state. As I said before, my sister said I must have some worthy aim and follow it. I had so much to do with mankind in this life that I did not want to mingle with them as a spirit and, therefore, shunned all intercourse with them. (The advice asked was given when he said:) I will try and follow your advice. I will bring other spirits here and I hope to get free from this eternal and aimless wandering.

## FANNY POWERS.

Well—well—well! Really this is astonishing! Sir, is this the resurrection? (Yes, I presume so for you, I said.) I do not see all the people here. I see only the few. Pinch me so that I may know whether I am asleep or not. Is this true or is it false? This is strange! I went away a woman—I am here a man. They have deceived me. I'll be revenged. It is not true. My name was Fanny Powers. I lived at Sandusky, Ohio. I was twenty-eight years of age and was a single woman. I have some friends at Sandusky, now. Wait! All my pain comes back upon me again. Oh, my head! I can't recollect well. I am in a deplorable state. Oh, how hot I feel! My mind was gone with fever. This cannot be true unless they deceived me. Can this be true, that I exist? They told me there would be no awakening until the judgment day. All that I can recollect is a dark, cheerless, uncomfortable semi-consciousness. I was engaged when here in housework and did, from time to time, a little sewing. A man calling himself Owen, Robert Dale Owen, I think, said to me, "This is the way to realize truth." He must be preaching to spirits in prison. I am a spirit then? That I know true. I always disbelieved and despised Spiritualism, and my folks do too. Can I come back this way again? (Yes.) Then I will make some of them sweat. I'll go first for Elder Perry, the old bold-headed scoundrel. What business had he to tell me lies under the garb of truth. I am working upwards now. Oh! won't I have a time? They will not fool Fanny now. Let Elder Perry be mortal or spirit I'll hunt him up. (I tried to soften her feelings toward those she was so angry with. She continued,) It is natural that I should feel as I do, and what is natural cannot be stopped. He has kept me all these long years in misery. Well, sir, I will come again. I am thankful to you for your advice, but I do not think I can forgive them yet.

## DR. HENRY WADSWORTH.

GOOD MORNING:—None know so well as you do what a Herculean task it is to lift these spirits such as have preceded me. Oh! if we could but start right—if we could grasp the truth at once, how much better it would be for spirits and mortals. Why, sir, I have seen hundreds of thousands of spirits—Chinese spirits and others who have been hundreds of years in spirit-life who have no way to help themselves. They have but one idea, and nothing to build upon, and consequently you can effect nothing for their advancement. I have watched and witnessed much. It would take me a week to tell my experiences as a spirit. In the spirit spheres, there are all the varieties of character that you will find here. I will not make this communication very lengthy but will try to say, what I have to say, briefly. My name was Henry Wadsworth. I was a medical doctor. I went out with fever at Palatka, Florida. I am overjoyed that I got an inkling of the true light before I left. You would not believe what an immense advantage it has been to me. Although only five years in spirit-life I find myself more advanced than many who have been here hundreds of years. Oh! what a gospel is this to preach. Every spirit who returns, in this way, gives a good lesson to mortals; and if they would accept those lessons, how infinitely better prepared they would be for the next stage of life. Keep on. The spirit light is breaking through the clouds of ignorance, and we, from our side are gaining ground every day. Missionaries are becoming very plentiful in this cause but they can never become too numerous. Give me your hand before I go. Farewell.

## JOE LANE.

Wall they say, there is a land of pure delight, but I havn't found it yet. Stranger, my name is Joe Lane. I hail from Old Virginia City, in Nevada. I am not one of those fellows such as was just here, (meaning Wild Cat the Indian guide of the medium.) It was a fellow just like that, that listed my hair, near old Fort Larimore; and although my hair is hanging in a Pine wigwam, I don't begrudge them, for they had to fight before they got it. Wall—wall—wall, I belonged to the Methodists, when I belonged to anything. Do you know, I liked it? I liked that ripping, roaring style of religion. That is the style for Joe Lane. There is one thing I want to know. There is a pal of mine who "slipped his cable," as the sailors say, about the same time I did. Can you tell me how I can find him. It seems to me that I would like to have a good game of poker with him. I tell you he was heavy on "Old Sledge." I have got a kind of hint of the fact that I am a spirit. In my earth-life I prospected for gold; hunted the Indians and animals, traded in various ways and gambled some. I saw a great crowd of people coming here to-day, and I thought there was going to be a scrummage here and so I come here to see it. There is a time when a man gets tired of one thing. If I had staid in Old Kentuck I might have had my hair and been here now. I had a good head of hair as any man of my age. First, I want to find my pal. His name was Paul Clark. We were both from Covington, Kentucky. I ran away from home when we were boys. A chap once told me to get into these circles and kick over the tables and chairs. He said he had done it often and it was grand fun. I'd like to do that if I knew how, just for a change, for it is awful dull here. (He seemed suddenly to leave the control but afterwards said,) I am back again a minute. I want to say that there is a little girl here who wants to talk with you, and I'm going

to help her to come in! I always liked to help those who needed help. Good bye.

## SALLIE BROWN.

Oh! sir, it is awful hard to get here. There are so many come. They all try to get entrance. My name is Sallie Brown. I was nine years old. I went to spirit-life when on a journey. I was taken sick with scarlet fever. My papa and mama lived at Catskill (N. Y.) and I am very happy. I don't feel a bit afraid. My grandmother takes care of me. She is a nice old lady. Will I ever see God? They told me I would go to God when I was sick. I never saw them called the Saviour. I have seen a nice old man. His name is Dr. Priestly. Oh! he is very nice to little children. He takes so much care of them over here. He don't teach as papa and mama did. He says we must all be our own saviours. Do you know I think he is nearer right than they are? Oh! I'm so glad to get here.

## ADAM CLARK.

Experience can be our only guide. What experience we gather here, by the wayside, we transfer to the spirit side of life. This will show you the value of circumstances to the people of earth, and that those circumstances should always be of the improving kind. With this as a basis of action they cannot go astray. These circumstances should always be founded on reason and truth; and when men reason more and believe less, their advancement will be in proportion to their knowledge. To attempt to undo the work of time in a moment is foolishness. Improvement must be gradual like the dawning of science. Gather all that you can that is valuable and try to retain it, but do not waste time on trifles, for time is precious and must be well employed to produce beneficial results.

All that we know of the Infinite mind here or hereafter can only be in proportion to the cultivation of the spirit from its original start. You are judged not for what you believe, but for your actions and the usefulness of your lives to your fellow-men. That is all the judgment there is in spirit-life. No effort can crush out spiritual light. No wrong reasoning can pervert truth. I am happy to have had this hearing. I wish Spiritualism to become universal. I believed in it when here and I have practiced it since I left my body. It is the foundation of all truth. Progress on all sides is becoming universal and you cannot keep the thirsty from drinking at the Fountain of Living Truth.

May we all approach nearer both spirits and mortals, to the Infinite Light.

In conclusion, I was Adam Clark, a preacher of the Word, but now a preacher of the Truth.

## Invocation and Spirit Communication From John Wesley and George Whitefield.

On March 10th, inst., at a regular morning seance with Mr. James A. Bliss, the following invocation was offered:

"Oh! Thou great eternal, all-wise and benevolent Father! We recognize that Thou art. We thank Thee that we are not able to comprehend Thee only in the outward expression of Thy power and wisdom; that we are permitted to be babes in Thy presence; and that we can recognize in the fountain that fills our immortal souls that we are the weaker vessels and that Thou art the mighty ruler of the Universe as well as the atoms of our bodies."

"Thou hast in all ages operated on matter, and matter has received Thee as a God; and in expressing thy admiration of Thee and Thy most perfect laws it has signally failed, because it was the weaker vessel. We would not use to comprehend Thee, for if we could we would be Thy equal, and we could not enjoy the pleasure of drinking at the fountain head. We thank Thee, Eternal Essence, that mankind has been permitted to develop within themselves that portion of Thyselv that abounds in love, and wisdom—that it is enabled to look upon Thee as the God of love, of purity, of justice and wisdom, rather than a God of hate, lust and revenge. We thank Thee that Thy spirit is at present enabled to operate more perfectly in matter than heretofore, casting upon it Thy image of love."

"Grant that the day is not far distant when all the world shall love one another as themselves, and worship Thee as one Lord and one God. Amen."

## JOHN WESLEY.

The control here changed and the following communication was given with an emphasis, eloquence and bearing, worthy of the great reformer-preacher, George Whitefield, from whose spirit it purported to come:

"I am thankful that I am permitted this morning to return with Brother Wesley, if possible, to utter a few words that may be a benefit to those in darkness; or rather who have not progressed out of the darkness that enshrouds us when we were laboring in the earth-life for the benefit of humanity. We labored at a time when we represented advanced thought. We were then far in advance of the age in which we lived. So much so that we were hooted at in the streets and called radicals and fanatics."

"If I should return to earth-life to-day and preach as I preached in those days, expecting at this time of the world's history that I should be preaching truth, I should be greatly in error. What appeared to me to be truth in those days will not now do. It will not stand the test of truth. Therefore when I return at this time and advance thoughts different from those I expressed in the earth-life, you must not think strange of it. I cannot, to-day, conscientiously preach what I preached then."

"The vicarious atonement, though it seemed a truth when I preached it, has been made plain as a falsehood. But when I preached that doctrine, it was far better than the prevailing religions of the day. But, my brothers, I have advanced from that position until I stand before you to-day in my proper position—a radical advocating truth I would have condemned."

"Those who read this communication, who have progressed out of the Methodist Church into a broad field of liberty, will understand why George Whitefield speaks as he does. I cannot expect those who cling to the dead letter, that was the stepping stone to radical thought, to comprehend the position I assume, in defending those who stand on the very outposts of radical thought. If I had lived on the earth in this age, I should have been a radical Spiritualist. I occupied a position in those days, when compared with the ideas that men had of religion, of a radical in all advanced thought."

"When I entered spirit-life I began to sift the evidence presented to me as a spirit, and the result of all my investigation has been, that all I looked on in the light of the present

day, was as chaff when compared with the truth you receive to-day." (Have you, as a spirit, realized the existence of an individual Jesus Christ?) "No; did I not say I had sifted the evidence, and that the result had been that the personal existence of that supposed being was as chaff in the light of truth?"

"I assure you, you are standing in your proper position, and that you occupy a point, to-day, that will be better appreciated one hundred years hence than it is now. You are planting seed, my brothers, in good ground that will bring forth good fruit. Sowing in sorrow, you shall gather in the harvest with joy. You are watering that seed with your tears; it shall be gathered a hundred-fold with rejoicing."

"You have the deepest sympathy of the world's reformers, and MIND AND MATTER has been the advancing step of coming generations. It has seemed very weak to you, but I thank God that I live to see the day that I can come into your office and feel there is a step made towards liberating humanity from the chains that have enthralled them. Good morning."

The sitting closed with the following communication from a spirit known to us as Capt. Davis. The history he gives of himself is that he commanded a piratical vessel that was chased and sunk by an English war vessel. He has been one of the most prominent and efficient of the band of materializing spirits with Mr. and Mrs. Bliss. He very rarely controls Mr. Bliss to speak, and therefore his communication seems to have especial significance. He came shaking hands with us with the grip of a vice. He said:

"I hope we will soon materialize again." (He alluded to the fact that Mrs. Bliss had given no materializing seances for the past four months.) "I assure you we have not been idle. I am Capt. Davis; not the Capt. Davis that walked the deck of his piratical craft, but the one who is determined that the physical manifestations shall be preserved."

"I have one more word to say, and that is: I would request you, Mr. Roberts, to labor for the recognition of the Dawn of Modern Spiritualism. I would ask you to prepare an article calling on every true Spiritualist to throw aside the cross and acknowledge the truth of this new and glorious Dispensation of truth—the 31st of March. We ask it, because we see the need of calling on Spiritualists to come out from among those who recognize the 'blessed Jesus' as a ruler. We ask them to show that they have done so, by their lives, their letters, and by their every action that they are Modern Spiritualists. We, as spirits, demand to be recognized. Do we ask too much?" (No—certainly not.) "We ask that there shall be a recognition of truth and a discontinuance of the recognition of a lie; for I claim that the Christian Era is a lie on its face and a lie in fact."

"I would have spoken longer but we have exhausted the power. Good-bye!"

## Materializations Extraordinary at J. H. Mott's Seances.

I have just returned from a visit to J. H. Mott, at Memphis, Missouri, the famous materializing medium; and as you solicit items in relation to such matters, I cheerfully respond; for, at his seances Catholic and Protestant, Jew and Gentile—saint and sinner all meet on common ground—forgetting, for the hour, their differences, in the reality of talking face to face with those once considered in Purgatory, if not absolutely in Heaven or Hell.

It is a feast for the true Spiritualist to watch the effect of this despised revelation, upon investigators who go up to the cabinet windows, creed bound and egotistical in their own faiths and to see them staggering away, fainting, at the new discovery that there was something in the universe beyond their comprehension. When a familiar face is presented, talking socially upon events long ago transpired, between the two; giving names, dates and places accurately; the stoutest bigot becomes at once weakened into an imploring attitude and that proud spirit in the form begs for forgiveness or apologizes for rudeness, as circumstance demands. I saw both gentlemen and ladies weep like babies, unable to grant their spirit friends a second hearing, because evidence had been given so palpably of invisible knowledge of every day life in the past and present—which they supposed so well disguised; they finding all of a sudden that bread and wine could not "hoodwink" the unknown and transform them into saints, when no good deeds were rendered to fallen beings to merit salvation.

I had tests, personally, disproving the assertion that nothing is said that Mr. and Mrs. Mott do not know prior to the seance. One evening Mr. Anderson said to me that I would

## MIND AND MATTER.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 27, M. S. 22.

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J. M. ROBERTS

PUBLISHER AND EDITOR.

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One Seance of an hour, with one person in his presence, \$5.00

One " 1/2 hour, " " " 3.00

THE THIRTY-SECOND ANNIVERSARY OF MODERN  
SPIRITUALISM:

On Wednesday next the thirty-second year of Modern Spiritualism will have ended; and the thirty-third will have been begun. The progress that this new Dispensation of Divine Truth has made, in that brief space of time, is without a parallel in the world's history. This fact alone is sufficient to show that it marks the beginning of the grandest era that ever characterized the progressive development of the human race. And yet, how humble in its origin and unostentatious in its mighty growth!

On the 31st of March, M. S. I. (1848), in the humble home of Mr. Fox, at Hydesville, N. Y., the spirit-world found the conditions that enabled it to produce the tiny rap that conveyed to the impressible mind of little Katie Fox, the mighty discovery that the dark Valley of Death had been bridged over, and the footfalls of the messengers of heavenly light were pattering over it to announce the glad tidings that the reign of mental and spiritual darkness was to cease on earth. Oh, what an event was that! Blessed be our spirit deliverers—and blessed be their little herald, for truly through them has the salvation of the human race been accomplished.

Those tiny raps no louder than the ticking of a clock, went forth from that humble American home, expanding and rising as they rolled on over the earth, until their reverberations made the man-made institutions of the world to reel, rock and tremble, as if stricken by a divine reprobating power. Haughty and presumptuous tyrants stood aghast to find themselves confronted by a fact that was to end their usurpations, and the souls of suffering and misguided men and women rejoiced that the light that had so long been denied to them had come to abide on earth.

It is fitting, therefore, that those who have received the baptism of that light should commemorate with suitable observances the anniversary of this greatest of all epochs. We know of no observance of such an event, more appropriate, than to meet on the eve that closes the year, and to watch the incoming of the day, that marks the commencement of another year. We will, therefore, in pursuance of that conclusion have a sociable and fraternal watch-meeting, at this office, on the evening of the 30th instant, (not the 31st, as wrongly announced in our last issue) to see the new spiritual year begin; and we most cordially invite all who sympathize in that object, to join us on that occasion.

It is true we shall meet at a time when a mighty struggle is going on to push forward the spiritual movement, despite the obstructions which are being so industriously thrown its way by those who seek to make it serve their selfish ends; but we firmly believe that, before the beginning of another year, all opposition to this beneficent movement will have been so far overcome as to leave the way clear for its unobstructed progress. But be that as it may, we implore every friend of Modern Spiritualism—not of Modern Spiritualism as it is construed by mortals, but as it has been given and advanced by our Spirit Benefactors during the last thirty-two years, to pray for it—to work for it—to fight for it, if need be, until no sect, no faction, nor opposing combination of men dare assail it.

Spiritualism has not only come to stay, but it has come to overshadow the earth, and blessed will be they who water with their grateful tears the roots of this only true vine of life, whose fruitage will nourish them forever.

As to you, ye loved, revered and cherished spirits of poor down-trodden deceived humanity, how can we sufficiently manifest our gratitude to you for that tender interest and assistance which you bestow upon your obdurate and unappreciative brethren here below. We plead for them that you will not tire in your efforts to bring light to their darkened vision, and to bring them to see the glory as well as the benefice of your forbearing patience and loving kindness.

Be with us in all our efforts to aid you in your great work of redemption and so shape and direct them that they will always help and never impede you in your blessed work.

## AS IT MUST BE SO, WE ACCEPT THE ISSUE.

It must be evident to all who have watched the course of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, since it passed under the control of Col. John C. Bundy, through the conspiracy that sent its former proprietor, Stevens S. Jones, to an untimely grave, and Dr. Pike, his slayer, to a lunatic asylum, that Spiritualism was to be made subservient to his interests and uses, or be ruined by him through the perversion of that recognized spiritual publication. He might have known, if he possessed a particle of common sense, that Spiritualism was never intended to subserve the selfish ends of individuals, or of classes of men and women; and he might have known, just as well, that the spirit-world would not permit him to ruin Spiritualism, either through the *Journal*, or in any other manner whatever. For three years Col. Bundy has perseveringly labored to carry out his original design, with what result, we intend he shall soon realize. Under the pretence that he sought to elevate and purify Spiritualism, Col. Bundy, almost from the outset of his editorial career, sought every opportunity that offered to demonstrate that Spiritualism was in a most desperate condition of moral rotteness and social depravity. To such an extent did he carry his efforts in that direction, that he won the plaudits of the bigoted and prejudiced enemies of Spiritualism everywhere; and it has been his constant boast that he had done so by his inconsistent course. From the outset Col. B. has had the approbation of men and women, claiming to be Spiritualists of the "Simon Pure," if not of the "Ephraim Smooth" order. Prominent among these are the Dentons, Colemans, Stebbinses, Tuttles, Howes, Wilsons, Kings, and a few others of similar high pretensions, as lovers of pure and exalted Spiritualism. Think of it! the Spiritualism brought to earth by the spirits of the great, good and benevolent departed ones of earth has not been high enough and pure enough for these uncommonly pure and exalted people; and so, forsooth, they have joined with Col. Bundy in seeking to make Spiritualism what it should be, in their *superior wisdom*. A few self-righteous instigators of these American professors of purity and wisdom, in England, have joined with them in seeking to perform the preposterous enterprise of purifying and elevating a cause which is alone within the keeping and control of the spirit-world. The English utopians are mainly to be found within an organization called the British Nation Association of Spiritualists, of which W. Stainton-Moses, M. A., is the leader. We hold these allies of Col. Bundy as even more censurable than himself for the follies that have characterized the course of the *R.-P. Journal*. Some of them, it is true, were in a great measure dependent upon that publication for a means of advertising themselves as candidates for public patronage; but that is no justification for their subserviency to Col. Bundy and their fawning sycophancy at his dictation.

The recent movements of Col. Bundy and his allies indicate that a regular campaign has been resolved upon by them, and that they have already begun their movement. In the past they have sought in every possible way to discredit public media and the manifestations occurring through them; and have done whatever they could do to drive them into the abandonment of their spirit-appointed mission to their fellow mortals. No misrepresentations and acts of hostility have been too gross for their purpose; and a continued clamor has been kept up against all media who would not consent to abandon the work given them to do by their spirit guides, and place themselves under the dictation and control of these would-be usurpers of the power of the spirit-world.

Col. Bundy's recent visit to Brooklyn, New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Washington was the beginning of a deliberate movement of hostility to public media and those who patronize, encourage and defend them, which must be met and repelled in such a way as to confound its originators, if Spiritualism is not to be rendered the laughing stock of its enemies and the world. Col. B. succeeded in that expedition in committing a few persons, not heretofore openly identified with him, to his destructive policy. We may mention among these accessions the Brooklyn Fraternity with S. B. Nichols, Wm. R. Tice, Thos. S. Tice and other notorious enemies of public spiritual media, as its principal constituents; and in Philadelphia Henry B. Champion, Dr. J. H. Rhodes, E. S. Wheeler and a few others connected with the First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia.

It is not a little singular that simultaneously with this Eastern Expedition of Col. Bundy, W. Stainton-Moses, should be writing letters for publication in the *Journal* on behalf of the British National Association of Spiritualists, proclaiming a similar movement in Great Britain. We will here insert some extracts from one of the Stainton-Moses' letters, published in the last number of the *Journal*, addressed to Col. B., in order to show what it is that he and Col. Bundy are aiming to do; and at the same time to show, to what a pass their insensate war upon public media will certainly bring the cause of Spiritualism if it is not brought to a speedy end. Mr. S.-M. says:

"Mrs. Billing came to us at a time when Spiritualism was suffering from that general depression which has beset the movements in your country as well as our own, and which seems of late to have settled with baleful shadow on all things human. We were depressed and divided amongst ourselves. A paralysis had seized upon our efforts, or, at least, it required more than usual exertion to make headway against opposition. Instead of peace we had a sword; instead of harmonious efforts we had distraction and disension; instead of peaceful development and progress, it needed all our efforts to neutralize the effects of discord and repeated exposure of fraud in connection with the most widely known phenomenal side of the subject. The Slade case had left in

the public mind a certain very unjust, but not less decided opinion adverse to Spiritualism. We had opposition to contend with, from without, disension within our ranks, and super-added was the general feeling of depression that seizes know when there is discord in the air.

"During all the time Mrs. Billing has been with us that feeling has remained unchanged; and the late melancholy event at our association—the seizing of the spirit form—has not contributed to make matters any better."

"As I have mentioned the state of Spiritualism in England, may I add that what I have said applies entirely to its public state? In private it is spreading far and wide, and striking its roots deeper and deeper into the religious life of many who regard its phenomenal presentation in public, its bickering, dissension and petty squabbles, and above all its repeatedly proven association with imposture, and (short of that) its frivolity, absurdity, and silliness in some of its best known aspects with utter abhorrence. This is, they say, not the Spiritualism we know. If we were we would have none of it for we do not believe that such phenomena, even when genuine can do anything to raise and enoble man. On the contrary they can at best only minister to curiosity, and bewilder and perplex those who strive to fathom the mystery that surrounds them."

"No doubt that is an extreme view; but it is one that has prevailed, and which is becoming a fixed idea with many very staunch Spiritualists. Such have their faith rooted too deep to be stirred by the storm that these exposures raise. They believe on stronger evidence than any that such seances can give; and their faith—their knowledge I may say—is independent of such accidents of fraud and folly as the public gloats over. But none the less they detest these methods of investigation as make such exposures possible. They have no fancy for being connected overtly with them, (the methods of investigation,) and they complain strongly of the bar and hindrance that they are to the spread of true and enlightened knowledge on the subject."

"Hence comes the seeming anomaly that while public Spiritualism is discredited, private faith grows stronger and roots itself more firmly. None know the extent to which the subject permeates modern thought, except a few who are behind the scenes. I am inclined to think that when Spiritualism emerges from the crisis thro' which it is now passing it will be found to have passed into another stage and to have purged itself of much that now shocks and disquiets some of its adherents."

"For, surely, its best known manifestations are frequently disorderly, and the methods of the most enthusiastic investigators are such as, in many cases, to give full scope to that delusive action which is characteristic of the methods of those spirits who are nearest the plane of matter and who I firmly believe, are responsible for what so perplexes us, and for which these mediums so sorely suffer."

"One good will come out of this last shock to our faith" (the brutal assault of the unconsciously entranced Mrs. Florence Cook-Corner.) "The National Association, resolved at the first council meeting after the event, to discontinue at once in inquirer's circles the use of any cabinet, curtain, or method of separating the medium from the view of the circle. I trust such a resolution will command itself to the reason of every intelligent person. It was due to the movement, to the Association, to the investigators, aye, and to the medium too, to act at once in such a way as to prevent any recurrence of what we all so much deplore. I trust that that example will be widely followed. If it be, one of the pitfalls that beset the path of the inquirer, will be swept away, and one of the most fruitful causes of bewilderment will be removed from the minds of experienced Spiritualists who would fain know the how and why as well as the bare fact."

We have italicised and emphasized such parts of the foregoing letter as are sufficient to show the character of the movement which Mr. W. Stainton-Moses and the British National Association of Spiritualists have set on foot with the avowed intention of influencing the action of Spiritualists in the United States and elsewhere. This programme of proceedings is sent to Col. John C. Bundy of the *R.-P. Journal*, and has been by him endorsed and sent forth through the columns of that paper as worthy of adoption by American Spiritualists. Indeed, Col. B. goes further than this, he has placed himself at the head of this proposed movement and aims to make it the lever to lift him and his sinking publication out of the slough of disaster that his ruinous editorial course has brought upon the once influential publication, which through a bloody and murderous conspiracy of the enemies of Spiritualism was secured to him. When we, last week, paid our respects to the good, the pious, the cultured Mr. W. Stainton-Moses in a way which we thought his cowardly treachery to truth warranted, some of our weak-kneed friends, trembled at our rashness, declared their intention to prostrate themselves at the feet of this egotistical Briton, and to apologize for having given us any countenance whatever. We frankly confess we never felt greater confidence that we were right than when we witnessed the pusillanimity of these timid friends. It was to us a lesson which we would be most unwise not to profit by.

Now let us see what this proposition of Mr. W. Stainton-Moses and his B. N. A. of Spiritualists, and Col. John C. Bundy and his followers, is. They insist that mediums and spirits shall conform to certain absurdly nonsensical rules and requirements which these weak-minded upstarts have seen fit to promulgate in the name of Modern Spiritualism. Those rules are briefly and substantially as follows:

First—that no spiritual manifestation is deserving of any credence or toleration that does not take place at every stage of its production in open view of those to whom that manifestation is given. Second—that no medium shall be countenanced or tolerated by Spiritualists of the W. Stainton-Moses or Col. John C. Bundy order, who does not comply with those most unnatural and obstructive rules.

This then is the issue that these weak-kneed and unfaithful would-be leaders of the Modern Spiritual Movement have forced upon the true and faithful friends of that movement. Let us now see what reasons they assign for pursuing a course that is more hostile to Modern Spiritualism than anything that the most bigoted and prejudiced enemies could devise for its destruction.

The false accusations of fraud against Dr. Henry Slade, a most thoroughly tested and unquestionable medium, is the first fact that Mr. Stainton-Moses adduces as the excuse for his cowardly surrender to the enemy. A second fact he adduces was the brutal and cowardly assault made upon Mrs. Florence Cook-Corner at a seance which was given at the Association of which Mr. S.-M. claims to be the leading spirit, while unconsciously entranced. A third fact is that certain Spiritualists, so-called, "regard its" (Spiritualism's) "phenomenal presentation in public," and "above all its repeatedly proven association with imposture and its frivolity, absurdity and silliness in some of its best known aspects, with utter abhorrence." They believe, says Mr. Stainton-Moses, "on stronger evidence than any such" (public) "seances can give and their faith is independent of such accidents of fraud and folly as the public gloats over."

Those are the reasons that Mr. Stainton-Moses assigns for his war upon public mediums and public seances. Reader, we ask you what any enemy of Spiritualism could say or do that would be more deadly hostile to the work of the spirit-world than Mr. Stainton-Moses has been guilty of. If he had made it his especial business to misrepresent and disgrace Spiritualism, and to slander and persecute mediums, how, we ask, could he have done so with more complete good will and zeal than he has done in the above most unwarranted and groundless defamation of the Spiritual Cause and the mediums through whom all that we know of Spiritualism is vouchsafed to mortals. Mr. Stainton-Moses has based his base and cowardly slander included?

A more false, mean, craven and cowardly surrender of truth to its enemies was never made than Mr. Stainton-Moses has attempted to make in this instance. We thought Col. Bundy had descended to the lowest depths of hypocrisy and deceit in his professions of friendship for Spiritualism, but we confess frankly that we regard him as a bungling imitator of his English master, Mr. Stainton-Moses. There is a refinement and finish about the slanders and falsehoods of Mr. Stainton-Moses that Col. Bundy has not the brains to attain to. We, therefore, prefer to deal with the master rather than the man.

Mr. Stainton-Moses, speaking for himself and those so-called Spiritualists who, like himself, are opposed to the public demonstration of the truths of Modern Spiritualism, has the assurance to say: "This is not the Spiritualism we know." Then, Mr. Stainton-Moses, we demand of you that you tell us what Spiritualism you do "know," and then we may know whether it is Spiritualism at all. The so-called Christian sects—Catholic and Protestant—teach what they call true Spiritualism, but what they call Spiritualism has as little real relation to spiritual things as have the selfish and soul-crushing schemes of the would-be monopolists of human knowledge.

There is but one true and beneficent Spiritualism, and it is that Spiritualism which human spirits are trying to impart to earth's people through their chosen, appointed and ordained media. Those who oppose that Spiritualism are the enemies of truth, and the would-be usurpers and monopolists of that knowledge which is most important to the human race. W. Stainton-Moses and Col. John C. Bundy, and their followers, in their attempts to suppress public seances, have volunteered to do the work of the priestly enemies of Modern Spiritualism in the only way that that vile object can be accomplished; and if they are met and treated as the tools and servants of those enemies of humanity, they will have themselves to blame. Mr. Stainton-Moses will find that he will be as unsuccessful in his attempt to drag Spiritualism into the old rutts of priestly or hierarchical control in the interest of Protestant Christianity; as Col. John C. Bundy will be in seeking to betray Modern Spiritualism into the power and keeping of the Roman Catholic priesthood. Hands off, every one of you, or prepare for the fate that is in store for you at the hands of a power that your blind selfishness prevents you from understanding. We tell you, we speak whereof we know, when we say to you that, compared to the mighty spirit power that is behind the spiritual movement, the plottings, intrigues, opposition and interferences of mortals, whether as individuals, sects, factions, parties or nations, are as nothing. We are amazed that these would-be rulers and dictators of the Spiritual movement have not already discovered this pregnant fact.

Mr. Stainton-Moses asserts the almost helpless and hopeless condition of the spiritual movement in Great Britain—the result of the infatuated nonsense of himself and the British National Association of Spiritualists which he boasts he leads and controls. This ought to convince Mr. S.-M. that neither himself nor his Association has the power to direct the work of the spirit-world. Mr. Stainton-Moses may flatter himself that he is really controlling and directing the spiritual movement, because forsooth his association of "dunder heads" has been struck with the dry-rot ever since it embarked in the work of persecuting and slandering mediums and warring against the manifestations that were occurring through them, and whom they, in their envious jealousy, sought to rule or starve. "The wayfaring man, though a fool," might see the folly of such impotent nonsense. That Mr. S.-M. and his followers cannot see it, is their sad and, we fear, their hopeless misfortune.

Col. Bundy, three years ago, came, by means that we cannot think of without horror, into the control of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, a spiritual paper that was in a most prosperous and flourishing condition, with a subscription list of over twelve thousand. He set out, at once, to attain the control and leadership of the spiritual movement. Having not the first personal or mental qualification for such a position, he soon found that he had aimed too high, and that to rule Spiritualism, he could not. With that desire for fame that drove Benedict Arnold to commit an act of treason, that placed him beside the mythical Judas Iscariot in the scale of human depravity, Colonel Bundy determined to do what he could to destroy Spiritualism, and at the same time put money in his purse. Himself a most insincere man, he naturally thought that the moral leprosy of hypocrisy was as prevalent in Spiritualism as in the Christian sects; and that by assuming to be a Pharisee of the Pharisees in Spiritualism, he would

have the sympathy and following of the insincere and blatant classes among Spiritualists. He commenced a system of Jeremiads, in which, with canting, whining, and melancholic pretence, he feigned to bewail the moral impurity, fraud, dishonesty, corruption and general rottenness which he falsely alleged was predominant in Spiritualism. With sanctimonious airs of moral purity, love of truth, and honest purpose—virtues of which he has shown himself to be almost destitute—he has managed to attract to his side all there is of Pharisaism among Spiritualists, and to drive from him the honest, sincere and disinterested friends of Spiritualism. A few persons, in whom there is no guile, and who are too simple-minded to conceive that Col. Bundy is the hypocrite he is, unwisely encourage him to proceed in the dishonest course that has almost ruined the *Journal*, and which has caused so much distress to mediums, against whom his efforts have been especially directed. By a systematic course of public slander and falsehood, which is but the developed result of the teaching of his British predecessor, Mr. Stainton-Moses, Col. Bundy has managed to divert public attention from his own crimes and schemes; but this dodge will no longer avail him. With him and his followers driven out of Spiritualism in America, and Mr. Stainton-Moses and his followers in Europe, every cause of in-harmony, discord and division among Spiritualists will be removed.

The recent simultaneous movement against public mediums and manifestations, in England and the United States, is, we confidently believe, brought about for the wise purpose of ridding Modern Spiritualism of the only impediment in the way of its universal dissemination. With all its opposition to spiritual mediums and manifestations stamped out, within the lines of Spiritualism, there will be no power outside of those lines that can long resist the universal spread of this New Dispensation of truth.

At all events we believe the great issue of the present hour is, that which Mr. Stainton-Moses and Col. Bundy have forced upon the friends of Spiritualism, in their attempts to prevent the work of the spirit-world through their chosen mediums. So believing, we accept that issue, and take our place in the ranks of the defenders and friends of mediums and the spirit guides who are laboring to spread a knowledge of truth through them. From this time forth these gentry will have no time to spare to assail the cause they are seeking to betray. They will find they have more than enough to do to defend themselves against the relentless thrusts of the keen, bright blade of spirit truth and light.

Spiritualists, rally to the defence of the Citadel of Spiritualism, the manifestations and mediums, and grand and glorious will be the victory which you will gain for humanity.

#### C. CATHCART TAYLOR'S SPIRIT RETURNS AND COMMUNICATES.

It will be remembered that, from time to time, in relating our experiences with the spirit enemies of Spiritualism, we had occasion to notice the part which C. Cathcart Taylor, as City Editor, took in the infamous crusade of *The Times*, of Philadelphia, against Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, Mr. and Mrs. Bliss, Henry C. Gordon, and other mediums. In our last issue we noticed the fact, incidentally, that Mr. Taylor had committed suicide by shooting himself with a pistol; and stated our belief that it was owing to his remorse for what he had done, as a persecutor of mediums.

Late on Monday afternoon last, Hon. Thomas R. Hazard called at this office to have a private sitting with Mr. James A. Bliss. They withdrew to the seance-room in the next story of the building and had been there some ten or fifteen minutes, when we heard a knock at the door. On opening the door, we, and some five or six friends, who were in the office at the time, saw Mr. Bliss standing there in a complete state of entrancement, his face wearing the most distressed and painful expression. The control asked for ourself, and on our answering he turned and ascended to the seance-room, we following him. We sat down to the table, when he extended to us his hand, which we took. He then said: "Mr. Roberts, I am Cathcart Taylor." We expressed our satisfaction at meeting him, when he went on, substantially, to make the following statement.

He reminded us that we had done him injustice in two respects, and that he wanted to be set right about them. He said he did not deny but that he had done the mediums he had assailed, and ourself, great wrong, but that he did not want to be held answerable for more than he was guilty of. He then called our attention to the fact that we had charged him as being the leader of the conspiracy against Mr. and Mrs. Bliss, and that he had been governed in his course by his bigoted subserviency to the Catholic priesthood. He gave us the most emphatic assurance that we were entirely mistaken in supposing that the Catholic priesthood had any influence with him; and said he had been governed in his whole course by his desire to make himself a name as a journalist, and his services, in that capacity, valuable. It was, he said, "Simply a question of bread and butter and a name" with him.

He then assured us over and over again that he knew nothing of the conspiracy in which Philip Diesinger, Louis N. Megargee and William O. Harrison were engaged, to blacken the character of Mr. and Mrs. Bliss and injure the cause of Spir-

itualism. He said he knew that they were arranging to expose the mediums, but that he supposed it was a *bona fide* transaction to put a stop to the fraudulent practices of those mediums. So supposing, he assigned to Louis N. Megargee the work of hunting up and reporting the facts. He said it was not until we had forced them into court, and he heard the evidence given at the trial, that he began to suspect he had been deceived by Megargee and Diesinger. We can readily credit this statement of this contrite spirit; for we shall never forget the look of dejection and sorrow which rested on the face of Mr. Taylor as he stood within a few feet of us listening to the evidence one day while the trial was in progress. So struck was our attention on that occasion, by Mr. Taylor's appearance, that we called the attention of several friends to it at the time.

The control then said, that although he was

painfully impressed, at that time, that he had been deceived into helping a fraudulent and criminal conspiracy to injure innocent persons, he could do nothing to right them or himself. He said, "Mr. Roberts, what was I to do? I could not give our people away, and I had to let matters proceed." When the trial ended in a disagreement and discharge of the jury, he said it was arranged, on the part of the conspirators, to send William O. Harrison, Helen Snyder, and William Segoe Roberts—the three witnesses who so grossly purged themselves at the trial, out to give a series of performances, to corroborate their shattered testimony, and that Mr. Collins who had been the paymaster of the hired conspirators, furnished the funds to carry out that undertaking. What Mr. Collins, the control did not state. It will be remembered that it was on the steamship Metropolis, chartered and despatched by Messrs T. & P. Collins for South America, that poor Helen Snyder was carried from her home and friends, to her death, in order to prevent her from exposing the villainous conspiracy in which she had been employed.

Who can fail to be impressed with the thought that avenging justice had something to do with the destruction of that terrible shipwreck, in which poor Helen Snyder met her death; and from which, William O. Harrison, her betrayer was permitted to escape, to live a mortal life, more intolerable than would have been the torments of the after life. It will be remembered also, that on the charge of Mr. Collins, Wm. O. Harrison was arrested for robbing the dead of the wrecked Metropolis, and in default of bail was committed to Moyamensing prison to await a further hearing. When brought out of prison for that hearing, Mr. Collins did not appear, nor give any explanation why he did not appear, and Harrison was discharged. It is a natural question to ask whether the Mr. Collins who was the alleged paymaster of the conspiracy, was the Mr. Collins who backed down from prosecuting the man whom he charged on oath, of robbing the dead of his wrecked vessel?

The controlling spirit said he had attended the performances of Harrison, Snyder and Roberts at Concert Hall, in this city, and became convinced beyond all doubt that there was not a particle of truth in the statements of those miserable liars and frauds which could in any way prejudice Mr. and Mrs. Bliss. He said from that time forward he had no peace of mind, and things went all wrong with the paper on which he was engaged. At last, worried beyond all endurance, he directly accused Megargee, the reporter, who had deceived him, with his falsehood and fraudulent conduct, and told him he had been the cause of the trouble that had been brought upon *The Times*; that a quarrel ensued, which resulted in the discharge of Megargee. Since that time, the control said, he had twice sought to see us and to make the statement he was then making to us, but that he had not the moral strength to do it. He spoke of having come to us in *The Times'* office, as we stated in noticing the fact of his death, and said he had come to see us at our office, but that he could get no further than the door-step, where he remained for a quarter of an hour trying to make up his mind to see us, but could not—that he could get no peace of mind, and finally had in a desperate mood taken his life.

From that moment he had sought to come to us to unburthen his remorseful feelings and that I might rest assured that what he had told me was true. I asked him if he had any message for his family, to which he replied, "They would not understand it now." He said it was his fixed purpose to come to us in materialized form, so that we might know it was C. Cathcart Taylor that was talking with us then. Saying he would have to throw upon the medium, again, his dying conditions, he bade us good-bye. The medium was then slightly convulsed, gasped several times for breath and then passed under the control of a spirit purporting to be Dr. Samuel Maxwell, who, at considerable length, assured us that we were entirely right in our judgment of the schemes and aims of Col. John C. Bundy, of whom he once held the highest opinion; and that so far from having used expressions in condemning his actions that were too severe and harsh, that no language could properly characterize the guilt of his conduct.

The question is often asked, of what good or use is Spiritualism? Such incidents as the above are sufficient answer. If what is called death does not silence the tongues of remorse-stricken human souls, but on the contrary compels the overburdened conscience to disclose the most terrible secrets of criminal lives; hypocrisy, deceit, falsehood and crime will and must cease, when it is once known that "dead men" do "tell tales."

#### ONE OF COL. BUNDY'S CONVERTS.

Those who have read the *R.-P. Journal* for the past four weeks will have noticed what an effort its editor has made to give consequence to his recent expedition from Chicago to the Eastern cities. In the last number of his paper he describes his experiences while in the City of Washington. There is one feature of those experiences, and one feature alone, that renders them worthy of note, and that is the part that Mrs. R. Shepard figured in as the chief actor.

It appears that Captain and Mrs. Cabell gave a reception in honor of Col. Bundy's and Mrs. Bundy's visit to Washington. Col. Bundy describes the part Mrs. Shepard performed in that entertainment as follows:

"Mrs. Shepard, the lecturer, arose and said she desired thus publicly to extend to the guests of the evening her cordial welcome to the city and her sincere thanks for the good work that was being done by the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*. That at one time she was inclined to think the *Journal* too severe and uncompromising in its methods and policy, but additional personal experiences had shown her the error of her opinion, and, as a medium and public worker in the cause, she desired to now express her approval of the course we were pursuing. She was not fitted, she added, by nature or education to talk smoothly, or express herself finely in her normal condition, but on this occasion she felt as though she desired to be heard on her own account, even if her language was not as well chosen as when under the direct control of her spirit guides. Continuing, she said: 'Last night I had a vision, in which I saw, among others, Mr. S. S. Jones, who expressed his intense interest in, and approval of, the course of those who had taken up his work on the paper; and held out to my view a lovely basket of delicate tinted flowers, surmounted by a calla lily, which he said he wished to present to his much-loved daughter and her husband as a token of appreciation and as emblematic of the work in which they were engaged, a work which was bringing the sweet fragrance of hope to man and leading him along the paths of spiritual knowledge to that bright realm where exists such purity and sweetness of life and character as was typified in these flowers.' This scene, continued Mrs. Shepard, 'was as real to me as anything I ever saw, and to-day I had a basket of flowers arranged which in appearance is an exact duplicate of the one held up to my view in vision, and I now have the pleasure of presenting it in the name of Mr. Jones to his daughter and her husband!'"

The importance which Col. Bundy seems to have attached to these complimentary and approving words of Mrs. Shepard and to her most absurd vision, is too significant to be overlooked. The approving judgment of Mrs. Shepard as to the "purity and sweetness" of Col. Bundy's conduct towards Spiritualism, Spiritualists, and spiritual mediums, amounts to nothing more than the opinion of a single personally prejudiced and interested person. We will be very much mistaken if Mrs. Shepard does not find that "the play will not pay for the candles." Not so with that vision. We have not a doubt that Mrs. Shepard had the very vision she has described, and that some spirit power operated upon the mediumistic perceptions of Mrs. S., to cause her to believe that she saw the spirit of S. S. Jones and that basket of flowers; and to cause her to believe that she heard the same spirit deliver the message she repeated; but what reason has Mrs. Shepard or Col. Bundy assigned for believing that the spirit seen and heard, clairvoyantly and clairaudiently, was the spirit of S. S. Jones? None whatever. As they have not done so, we will state why we know that it was not the spirit of S. S. Jones that Mrs. Shepard believed she saw and heard.

When in Chicago in February one year ago, we were informed that Mr. Harry Bastian was to give one of his regular seances, in the late publishing house of the *R.-P. Journal*, and we availed ourselves of that opportunity to see for ourselves, what truth there might be in the wholesale slanders which Col. Bundy had published to discredit that renowned medium. The seance was held in the seance room, built by S. S. Jones, adjoining the office in which he was brutally assassinated by the infuriated tool of the conspirators against his life. The cabinet used was the same one which had been constructed and used by Mr. Jones in his investigation of spiritual phenomena, and was as we know from close personal inspection, at that time, absolutely test proof.

Before the seance which followed, we went into that cabinet and saw the medium completely disrobed himself and searched his clothing, being assisted by a gentleman who had been a familiar acquaintance of Mr. Jones, and who was a former stockholder in the *R.-P. Journal* Publishing House. We know that there was no earthly possibility for any person in mortal form to produce or imitate what followed. Under those circumstances, the form of a man bearing a most perfect likeness to the photographic pictures of Mr. Jones, appeared out in the room, many times, fully materialized, and addressed himself at considerable length, welcoming us to that scene of his earthly labors, and his most untimely taking off—expressed his hearty concurrence in our editorial course—and declared his utter despair of saving the *R.-P. Journal* to Spiritualism. This occurred in the presence of not less than seven persons beside ourself, nearly all of whom knew Mr. Jones personally, and declared it was him.

Two days thereafter, we called upon Mrs. DeWolf of Chicago, to whom we were an entire stranger, through whom we received the most surprising communications from the spirits of our father, Robert Dale Owen, our old preceptor in our legal studies, D. H. Mulvany, Esq., and Mr. Jones. We do not say more than what is due Mrs. De Wolf, when we declare that had these able men stood before us and conversed with us face to face we could not have had more conclusive proof as to their identity, familiar as we were with their respective characters. At that seance with Mrs. De Wolf, the spirit of Mr. Jones conversed with us for a long time, stating in detail his efforts to save the *Journal* to the cause of Spiritualism. He related to us the treachery that had removed him from his editorial post and implored us to prevent, if possible, the injury that his successor seemed determined to inflict on Spiritualism. We know that both in his earth-life and as a spirit, Mr. Jones

regarded the conduct of Col. Bundy as most iniquitous and dangerous. We have had this assurance from him through many mediums, and from many of those still living here who knew of the want of sympathy and confidence existing between Mr. Jones and Col. Bundy while the former was in control of the *Journal*. We, therefore, conclude that Mrs. Shepard's vision, so far as the identification of the spirit apparition is concerned is not of the smallest account.

How could Mr. Jones' spirit sympathize with the man who took advantage of his murder to carry out schemes which, if he had lived, would never have been possible? It is preposterous to suppose, for one moment, that such is the fact; and Col. Bundy would conform to common sense and his own interests, if he would not fruitlessly attempt by such "far-fetched" devices to get rid of the haunting thoughts of his guilty conscience.

We greatly fear that this episode, so ostentatiously set forth by Col. Bundy, will serve no other purpose than to call public attention to the mutual enmity of Col. Bundy and Mrs. Shepard to the spiritual mediums, of whose useful labors they seem so envious.

To these public enemies of mediums, we have applied the test proposed by Capt. Wm. T. Hodges, on behalf of the spirit organization of which he avowed himself the spirit medium; and they have been found wanting. Their proper place is with the enemies of these humble instruments of the spirit-world. We have had a vision too, and it is the hand of the spirit scribe writing on the wall above them, "Mene—mene—tekel upharsin."

#### BLACKFOOT'S WORK.

CURE ERYSPIELAS.

Dixon, Ill., March 3, 1880.  
James A. Bliss—Dear Sir:—Please send me two more sheets of your magnetized paper, for mine is completely worn out. I have not been troubled with eryspelas since I first wore it.

Yours,

CAROLINE MORRILL.

RECOMMENDED TO ALL AFFLICTED.

Rahway, N. J., Feb. 22d, 1880.  
James A. Bliss—Dear Sir:—I have had one of your papers magnetized by "Blackfoot," and it has had a beneficial effect on me. I would recommend them to all that are afflicted. Enclosed please find stamps for another, and oblige your grateful friend.

W. G. RATHBURN, Box 263.

INSTANTANEOUS RELIEF FROM PAIN.

Nederland, Col., Feb. 20, 1880.  
James A. Bliss—Dear Sir:—Enclosed please find six 3-cent stamps for more magnetized paper. We find the magnetized paper a great relief in our family. No matter where the pain is, if we apply the paper it gives instant relief. I do hope that the medium's chief will visit often.

Yours respectfully, Mrs. A. W. Brown.

GOOD FOR LIVER DIFFICULTY.

Jacksonville, Ill., Feb. 20, 1880.  
James A. Bliss—Dear Sir:—The paper you sent me was received. I placed it on my back over the region of the liver and have had but very little pain since. I think it has done me good, but it is nearly worn out. \* \* \* I enclose six stamps for renewal of paper, and shall think of "Red Cloud" and "Blackfoot" with pleasure.

Very truly yours, A. W. CADMAN.

A HEALER ASSISTED BY "BLACKFOOT".

New Lisbon, Ohio, Feb. 19, M. S. 32.  
Mr. James A. Bliss—Dear Sir:—Enclosed find one dollar, for which you will please send me some magnetized papers. I sent for one the other day, which I received and have used on my bowels. It has done me some good. I want more for myself; also, for some others that are suffering that are poor and not able to pay. \* \* \* I have been a healing medium for many years. The spirits have performed many wonderful cures through me, but I have not been controlled much of late, as my own health is poor. I have, with the help of spirits, been operating on Mrs. P.—for something like cancer in the womb. I think "Blackfoot" assisted me while treating her one evening after receiving the paper.

JOHN S. HUNTER.

PREScribes FOR NEURALGIA AND CONTROLS A MEDIUM IN CANADA TO TREAT THE PATIENT.

Frederickton, N. B., Ca., Feb. 20, 1880.  
James A. Bliss—Dear Sir:—I duly received the magnetized paper and I am induced to give you some account of the result. One or two days after the receipt of it Mrs. B. was seized with a severe attack of her periodical neuralgia, etc., and my family doctor (a trance medium), who has attended my family for some six or eight years, gave a prescription which he said was in part suggested by an Indian doctor then present; some of the ingredients had never been used before by the medium. On the evening of the same day the medium came again to see her, and instead of being controlled by his usual control, was seized upon and greatly shaken by "Blackfoot," as he called himself, who then threw a powerful magnetic influence upon the patient, which almost at once relieved her from a portion of her suffering. When the medium was released he was very much confused, and complained of his arms and hands feeling sore and three times as large as they were. The next morning, when the medium came to see the patient, he was again controlled by "Blackfoot," who laughed heartily, saying, "Medl, no like me, but me catch medi; it very good medi," etc. Since then the medium's usual control and "Blackfoot" at times come together and use him alternately. I am happy to say that prospects of a complete recovery from her distressing attacks seem brightening for the future. A few years since I would have repudiated such ideas as blasphemous, but oh! what evidence of the truth of spirit return I now see in them. No gold could now buy my faith in the truth of simple Spiritualism, freed from all mundane crucible mixtures as to how and by whom it is guided.

Yours very truly, GEORGE BOTSFORD.

P. S.—I forgot to say that "Blackfoot," in one of his visits, gave marked relief to another member of my family from suffering.

G. B.

## EDITORIAL BRIEFS.

B. DOSCHER, Charlestown, S. C., keeps MIND AND MATTER for sale at his stand every Saturday morning.

DR. A. B. DORSON, of Maquoketa, Iowa, magnetic healer, will be at Milwaukee, 540 Jefferson street, about March 30.

MRS. R. F. BERRY, the noted healing medium, formerly of Washington, D. C., has located at St. Louis, Mo., and we are informed by a private letter that she has a large demand upon her powers in that city.

DR. J. M. PEEBLES has of late been called to part with the material presence of his venerable father, who passed on from Shelburne Falls, Mass., at the ripe age of eighty-five years. Mr. Peebles' mother yet remains in earth-life.—*Banner of Light*.

We invite the especial attention of our readers to the article of our Shaker friend and contributor, A. G. Hollister, of Mt. Lebanon, Columbia Co., N. Y., on the first page, entitled "Modern Revelations," as we propose to notice its import editorially in our next issue.

FREE lectures and circles held every week at the New York Eclectic Medical Institute, 1317 Morgan street, St. Louis, Mo., for the purpose of instructing and developing mediums in the occult and healing arts. Spiritualists visiting the city are cordially invited to meet with us.

A LETTER postmarked La Grange, Georgia, and addressed to Jas. A. Bliss, this office, was received by him this week, containing the price of a sitting and stamp for magnetized paper. The sender neglected to sign his or her name. If our La Grange subscribers can throw any light upon this matter they will greatly oblige Mr. Bliss.

THE CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS OF THIS CITY will hold a sociable at Assembly Buildings Monday evening, April 12, at eight o'clock. An enjoyable time may be expected. Tickets may be procured by members of the Board of Managers of the Association, or of Mr. James A. Bliss at this office. Admission 25 cents.

DR. L. K. COONLEY's address for this month will be No. 81 Magazine street, Newark, N. J. He would like to hold "parlor seances" for medical advice, healing and delineations of character, or business prospects, in any part of New York City, Brooklyn, or vicinity; also lecture, if called, in Connecticut or New York. Terms always within the reach of all.

HORATIO and William Eddy are still at 205 East 36th street, New York City. Their wonderful materialization seances and physical demonstrations of spirit presence are among the most convincing evidences on record or now being offered of the return of our spirit friends. Those who have not witnessed the presence of those supposed to be dead, through the world's great mediums, the Eddy's, should improve this opportunity immediately for the time will be brief.—*Celestial City*.

We gratefully accept the marks of appreciation which reach us by every mail of the efforts we are making to render MIND AND MATTER valuable and attractive to the thoughtful and most progressed minds; and to the friends who so kindly aid us with their valuable productions we, from the depth of heart, say God bless and favor you. Our regret is that our space is too small to send forth to the world all the able contributions sent to us. Friends, send in your subscriptions and with the next business year we will again enlarge our paper without increase of price. Help us, friends of truth and humanity, to place MIND AND MATTER within the reach of all.

THE NORTHERN WISCONSIN SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE will hold a three days' meeting in Spiritual Hall, Omro, April 16, 17 and 18, 1880. E. V. Wilson, the man who has given more public tests of spirit communion than any other living medium, is engaged as speaker. He will give one of his seances on Saturday evening and one Sunday P. M. at 2 o'clock, in which he will give incidents in people's lives, describe spirit friends and many other interesting things to investigators. Admission to seance, twenty-five cents. Other speakers are invited, and expected to participate. The meeting will be called to order at sharp 6 o'clock Friday A. M. The Omro friends will entertain free to the extent of their ability. Usual rates at hotel. Let there be a grand rally. Wm. M. Lockwood, President; Cora B. Phillips, Secretary.

## THE LIBERAL LEAGUE NEWS.

A COMMITTEE ON THE REVISION OF THE TAX LAWS, appointed by the Legislature of the State of New York, has reported in favor of taxing all the property owned by any church over \$10,000, and of repealing the present law, exempting every minister and priest from taxation to the extent of \$1,500.

S. B. McCracken, of Detroit, writes that the published address of Hon. U. K. Booth, entitled "Liberalism and Spiritualism," delivered before the Detroit Liberal League, can be had of the publishers, Messrs. Talbot & Co., No. 50 Larned street, Detroit, for 60 cents per dozen copies, or at the rate of \$4 per 100 copies, where twenty-five or more are ordered. All persons who desire to get well posted in what the Liberal League proposes to do should order copies of this able and comprehensive address.

I am informed by J. B. Armstrong, of Ogdensburg, N. Y., that the Liberals and Spiritualists of St. Lawrence county are forming an organization to be known as the St. Lawrence County Liberal League. The prospects are that this League will start off with not less than five hundred members. And our St. Lawrence friends propose to make themselves felt at the elections. I wish every county in the State would go and do likewise.

—Robert S. Shoemaker, of Rush, Pa., writes: "It is now nearly two years since I had any communication with you. At that time I was doing business for an orthodox man. I attempted to organize a League. He heard of it and discharged me and refused to settle or pay me for services rendered. I commenced suit against him and recovered over \$500 and costs, more than I had offered to settle for. It cost him over \$800. His only charge against me was that I was an infidel. He tried his best to get the evidence of my wife, daughter and myself rejected on account of religious opinions." Bro. Shoemaker informs me that he and his friends will be able to form a League in Rush township soon.

—Mr. Clayton Crosson, of Union Star, Ky., who is a member of the Board of Directors of the National Liberal

League has recently appointed to represent Kentucky on the Ex. Com. of the N. L. L. writes: "I will promise this much, that I will do all in my power to advance the Liberal cause in my State. I am confident we will succeed in the organization of a League in this place within a few weeks. I will address every Liberal I know or hear of in the State on the subject of organizing Leagues and give them all the information and assistance I possibly can." Allow me to request every reader of MIND AND MATTER, who resides in Kentucky, to open a correspondence with Bro. Crosson.

—Mr. A. L. Thompson writes from Prairie City, Oregon: "I think an auxiliary Liberal League can be formed in this town and I will see what can be done as soon as I have time to spare. At the present time all the upper portion of John Day valley is covered from three to eighteen inches deep with snow. Most of the farmers are without feed, and stock has commenced to perish. Cattle are so poor that thousands will die in Eastern Oregon, though the snow should disappear tomorrow."

The readers of MIND AND MATTER will recollect that some three or four years ago a company of Baptist Christians enticed Dr. L. J. Russell, who is an active and outspoken freethinker, of Harrisville, Texas, into the woods, and after stripping him naked, give him a severe whipping and threatened to do worse if he did not immediately leave Bell county. Last week the Doctor wrote me a letter from which I take the following extract: "I have written to a number of our Liberal friends in Texas urging them to organize Liberal Leagues, but I have met with little success. But still I am not wholly disengaged. I will keep trying. There is altogether too much apathy among the Liberals of the South. They don't fully appreciate the advantages of a thorough organization. I hope to see the time when all the Liberals of the South will be fully aroused to a sense of duty and League spring upon all sides."

—Gen. B. A. Marton, of New Haven, Conn., writes: "I am satisfied with the Liberal League platform as it is. I am opposed to incorporating in the same Free-loveism, Socialism, Communism, or any other ism. I am opposed to indorsing as an organization any special doctrine or principles of any political, social or religious party that does not tend directly to the advancement of the aims and interest of the N. L. L. viz.: Total Separation of Church and State—National Protection for National Citizens—Universal Education the Basis of Universal Suffrage." The position which I took in my inaugural address when elected President of the National Liberal Party at Cincinnati remains unchanged. With proper care the National Liberal League can become a power in the land for great good; and in order that it may become such it must be kept free and clear from all issues except such as are indicated in the platform. As an organization we have nothing to do with the various political parties or peace-disturbing societies. Our object is to secure "Justice for all—Privilege for none!" I am glad to know that the League is extending its usefulness so rapidly. We have a fine working auxiliary League in this city, of which I have the honor of being President."

H. L. GREEN,  
Salamanca, N. Y., March 25, M. S. 32.

## DR. D. J. STANSBURY CONFIRMATION OF MRS. J. W. STANSBURY'S COMMUNICATION.

NEW YORK, March 15th, 1880.

To the Editor of Mind and Matter:

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER:—I was agreeably surprised in looking over the last number of MIND AND MATTER, to see a communication from my former companion Mrs. J. W. Stansbury, addressed to yourself, through the mediumship of Mr. Bliss. This I recognize as eminently like the true and noble soul that she was in earth-life and is in spirit life, so full of sympathy and love for all. Ever sacrificing her own pleasure for the comfort and happiness of others, and extending the helping hand to suffering humanity wherever found. I have received many messages from her since she passed away; some through strange mediums in various parts of the country; all conveying assurances of her continued presence and assistance in the labors in which we are engaged. She always manifested a lively interest in MIND AND MATTER, and I have no doubt you will have her active co-operation to the extent of her ability, which I assure you is not inconsiderable. She was member of the "Order of Cosmopolitans," and has communicated with them on several occasions. Any message coming from her through your office addressed to the Cosmopolitans will be thankfully received, and I have no doubt fully appreciated and appropriately acknowledged.

Wishing you every success in your enterprise, I am very truly yours.

DR. D. J. STANSBURY,  
New York City, 486 W. 105th St.

## ANGELS WITHOUT WINGS.

PLEASANT LAKE, Harwich, March 17, M. S. 32.  
Editor Mind and Matter:

Your package of MIND AND MATTER received—thanks. I will scatter them around among our lukewarm professors in Spiritualism, hoping, if they read them, they will receive an electric shock, and see that it is high time for them to be up and doing. I am not trying to get off anything for publication in your intelligent paper; I am not competent to do it.

In looking over the Household Magazine the other day, I found several representations of angels. I took them for that. Now the thought comes to me: could our old orthodox friends be induced to look into the spiritual philosophy, they would, in a short time, leave off those great wings which they place upon the back of those beings. How unlike these pretty spirit representations in the picture of the "Morning Light." This picture is splendid; all admire it; all it lacks is its size. It should be in every household. I wish it could be drawn ten times as large.

The idea of a spirit needing wings "like an eagle" to traverse the infinite realm or space! Why a spirit never would reach heaven if the supernal abode is as high as our orthodox friends think it is, even if they had wings to fly with.

There are many Spiritualists in this town that take the Banner, but they seem to go to sleep under it; it is a good paper, but lacks sharpness. MIND AND MATTER is sharp; it cuts like a two-edged sword.

You have some good correspondents; I like to read their writings. Dr. Flower, J. Chaapel, and others too numerous, of course, to name.

I am yours for the truth,

P. F. CAHOON.

A WONDERFUL HEALING INSTITUTE.—A PLACE THE SICK AND

SUFFERING SHOULD ACQUAINT THEMSELVES WITH.

To the Editor of Mind and Matter:

I wish to introduce your readers to one of the most wonderful Health Institutes in America—an Institute which offers upon true scientific principles, health and life to all. The most novel feature in connection with this Institute is, that it is under the guidance and direction of spirit physicians. The principal physician, Dr. R. C. Flower, is constantly entranced for both examination and treatment by able and distinguished French, English and German spirit physicians.

Dr. Flower has formed a partnership with a skillful female physician, Mrs. Dr. E. S. Craig, for the purpose of teaching and practicing upon scientific principles, and upon a more extensive scale the new art of healing; including the hygienic laws of health—the importation of health and life upon natural principles of law, and without the use of drugs; the various methods of mind treatment; the connection between the mind and the body; the power of mind over diseased matter; the secret of mental cure; and the most scientific practice of therapeutics.

The celebrated and matchless magnetizer, Dr. Samuel Calhoun, of Ohio, has been employed to fill in the Institute, the position which nature has so richly endowed him to fill. Other able assistants and nurses devote all their time to the interests and comforts of the patients.

The Institute is situated a few miles north of Philadelphia, in Carversville, Bucks county, Pa. It stands upon the sloping breast of a mountainous hill on the western side of Carversville, impressively looking down upon the quiet Quaker town. The Institute, including the ground, forms a perfect paradise. The building is large and imposing five stories high, finely furnished, and with elegant spacious parlors. The large campus grounds surrounding this Home of Health are all that nature, aided by the human hand of skill, could do. The grounds are adapted for all kinds of games—richly tracked with walks, and beautified with arbors and fountains. Of evening (for the benefit and enjoyment of the patients) sociables, circles, games and parlor entertainments are given, with occasionally lectures on health, happiness and life.

Baths. Here every conceivable kind of bath is given by skillful and experienced hands, including a variety of sun-shade baths, which is something new in the healing art. A word will express this Institute as realized by every sick and weary patient—"Home, Sweet Home."

The table is furnished with a great variety of fresh vegetables, fruits, meats, etc.; though each patient has a special bill of fare furnished him, thus excluding the possibility of his or her eating indigestible food. The boarding department is under the management of the philanthropic owner of this beautiful property, Wm. R. Evans, who, with his kind and estimable wife, does everything conceivable to make pleasant and homelike the Institute. The vegetables and fruits are brought fresh every day from Mr. Evans' large garden farm. From his large creamery comes fresh made butter every morning; also creamy milk.

I know of no place in the world in which are combined so many advantages, and which offers so many earthly and heavenly inducements to the sufferer with any or all diseases, and to the weary from whatever cause, as does this institute, which I have partially described. To rest seekers and pleasure seekers it offers every inducement, couched with every charm.

For further particulars address Dr. R. C. Flower, 1319 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa.; or Drs. Flower & Craig, Carversville, Bucks Co., Pa.

Yours for the afflicted,

J. M. MARTIN.

ROCKFORD, Ill., March 22, 1880.

MR. ALVIN J. CLARK, of Indianapolis, Ind., and MR. F. F. FOLLET, of Rockford, Ill., have associated themselves together for the purpose of giving scientific and Liberal lectures in Northern Illinois and Southern Wisconsin, and, if desired, in any of the Northwestern States. And they will also sell, take orders for and deliver free of extra charge, at publishers' prices, all first-class scientific, Liberal and Free-thought books and pamphlets; and solicit subscriptions for the following Liberal and Spiritualist papers: *The Truth Seeker*, of New York City; MIND AND MATTER, Philadelphia, Pa.; *The Investigator* and *Banner of Light*, Boston, Mass.

Mr. Clark is a first class lecturer and psychologist; and all parties desiring to engage a first class lecturer, either for one or a series of lectures in any of the above named territory, will find it to their advantage to procure his services. His terms will be as moderate as the circumstances will admit. And he would be pleased to have a call to visit every town and city in Northern Illinois and Southern Wisconsin. For terms and all other particulars please address

F. F. FOLLET,

Business Manager, P. O. Box 203, Rockford, Ill.

PHILADELPHIA MEDIUM'S VALUED OFFER.

## HARRY C. GORDON'S LIBERAL OFFER.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., March 1st, M. S. 32.  
To any person who will subscribe for MIND AND MATTER for one year, through me, I will give a free *State Writing Seance* and one admission ticket to my weekly materialization seances.

Yours truly,

HARRY C. GORDON.

R. C. FLOWER'S GENEROUS OFFER.

For the purpose of extending the circulation of MIND AND MATTER—the best Spiritualist paper we have—I make this offer: Any one sending me two dollars (my regular price), and with it a lock of hair, giving age, height, weight, sex, temperature of skin and feet; with two postage stamps for answer; I will give them a thorough examination of their case; also full advise as to what course they had best pursue; and I will send you the two dollars to pay their subscription to MIND AND MATTER. Let all letters of this kind be addressed to me in your care.

R. C. FLOWER, M. D.,

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[MARCH 27, M. S. 32.]

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## SPIRIT CONSOLATION.

BY J. WM. VAN NAMEE, M. D.

Once more the day of rest has come,  
The seventh of the week,  
When we forget our care and toll,  
And serve our Master meek;

When we with others meet again  
To sing his praises loud,

And seek for spirit friends to come  
From homes beyond the cloud.

You seek for spirit friends to come,  
And point us out the way,  
In which our weary feet should go,  
Each swiftly passing day;

To wipe the dawning dew of grief  
From off the aching brow.

Oh, I can almost feel the touch  
Of angel hands even now.

I almost feel their heavenly breath  
Upon my burning cheek—  
Oh, is it not a blessed thought  
That we may sometimes meet

The dearly loved and gone before,

The dwellers of another clime,

While we yet linger, sad and lone,

Upon the shores of life.

Is it not blessed to us here,  
To know they watch our feet,

And keep them in the path of right,

From dangers we might meet.

Oh, come, blest angels, from your home,

Your home of light above,

And cheer our aching, saddened hearts,

With words of peace and love.

## THE PERSONAL HISTORY OF JESUS NOT A

MYTH—BUT A REALITY.

BY J. H. MENDENHALL.

To the Editor of *Mind and Matter*:

I am aware of the fact that when any contributor to your paper locks horns with you on any of the living issues of the day, he is apt to soon cry out, *Aribus teneo lupum*. Whether this may prove so in my case, time must reveal the fact. I have also seen your petition for excuse from further notice of the subject coming under the heading of my present paper, and perhaps ought to heed your call; but you will bear with me, I think, and publish through your searching columns the few following thoughts from an earnest inquirer after truth.

I am not ignorant of the mythical claims set up for the personages of Jesus of Nazareth, Krishna of India, and the many intermediates like historical character, all of whom are, by the unlearned, regarded as being gods. Nor am I wholly ignorant of the seemingly good grounds for the deeply learned astronomer and closely scrutinizing reader of ancient "sacred lore," or astro-theology, for claiming the whole history of this long line of mis-named towering, yet humble-minded heroes of the past, to be but the poetical recitation of the various phases and movements of the heavenly bodies; including the Sun with his great family of planets, together with the signs of the zodiac, seasons, etc. I presume you will agree with me in this last claim, for myself, when I tell you that there is not a story worthy of note within the lids of the Bible (O. and N. T.), from that of "Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden," to "John's (The Revelator) grand visions of the "Judgment Days," that I have not transferred into a poem, showing a close and interesting similarity in the character of those Bible heroes, and the "Ancient of days," or the Sun-god and his immaculate family. But this similarity is by no means positive proof that said history originally relates only to those bright armies that sweep through solar space, and have no foundation in fact as applied to real human beings bearing their assumed names, respectively.

To begin my arguments in defense of the claims set forth in the title of my subject, I am proud to quote the words of our worthy sister, Lois Waisbrooker, in the last issue of *MIND AND MATTER*, No. 15. In her scholarly efforts to maintain her cause, she remarks, "Whence come the names of those constellations and of the signs of the zodiac? From men who could never have traced and named them unless there had been something within themselves to connect them therewith. It is only as that within us is developed that we can understand that which is without. If there is that in one soul which corresponds to the order of the stars, and the seasons in their courses, there must be the same in all souls. Why, then, should not some one or more of the race stand as a representative of this particular form of truth, and others of other forms?" Now, to me, brother, a grander thought never was voiced by human kind—none more replete with prophecy, furnishing the key wherewith to unlock the portals to the Infinite Temple of Life.

When we consider the eternal law of uniformity permeating, controlling and directing all that is known to man, into one harmonious channel of development (progression) ultimately into conscious joys; and when we reflect that notwithstanding the fact that each genus (race) is the unfoldment from its own eternal order of type, the whole of nature is so orderly, wisely and divinely blended into a oneness of entity and purpose that we can with propriety speak of man as an epitome, a coronation, and representative of all subordinate kingdoms; we cannot but see the truth, in its beauty of simplicity, of the words just quoted from sister W.—"For who, with an observing eye and a searching mind, does not behold at a glance in all the multifarious departments of living nature, even from the incipient stages of organism, up or down, as we may call it, to the close of each cycle of life? Has not our worthy philanthropist and philosopher, E. D. Babbitt, shown clearly and conclusively, in his "Principles of Light and Color," that the law which governs an atom is the same that governs a world? Nay, that each atom is a world in miniature, and, therefore, a world is but a combination of atoms. This being true, each and all of the constituents of rolling worlds sweeping in their silent but orderly march through vast infinitude, are but so many parts of one stupendous whole, moving in the most perfect harmony, and by virtue of this divine intra-relation have their spheres, periods and phases of correspondence; so that he who understands the philosophy of a hair holds the key to the philosophy of the heart. This is as true as is the fact that one pulsation from the heart sends its waves to the extremities of the organism it governs; or as one thought by the central intelligence permeates the temples of all souls.

But my subject is too broad to attempt to write minutiae, so I will make only a few brief statements, founded in fact, as I see it, proving my claim as I pass along. But do not think I have forgotten or lost my text. I shall find it at the proper time—at the opposite or extreme end of my discourse. Periodicity is one of the fundamental laws governing the movements of all things of which we have any knowledge. By

virtue of this law, the history of nature is ever repeating itself, only with advanced steps in way of experiment. But time being measured by periods, cycles and aons, in the unfoldments of life, we must, to understand clearly, know that those periods or measurements of time are, as it were, "a wheel within a wheel," or great, greater and greatest, as we trace the movements of objects from their isolated to their combined sphere of action in their progressive career. For instance, the earth, in performing its diurnal revolution around its own centre, exhibits certain phenomenon; but to perform its more magnanimous task in passing around the sun, requires a greater period of time, manifesting more general phenomena, yet including that in the lesser period of time. While moving in a still grander cycle, the earth with its brother and sister planets leaning upon the bosom of their parent sun, are carried through incomprehensible space around the throne of distant Queen Alcyone, displaying in their silent march, yet more sublime and grander scenery; having sung in their circuits round one of the beautiful anthems of infinite life—an anthem in which all of the stars sing together.

Once more the central sun of our solar system, together with it: host of sheeny members, had their time of birth. Some have already, and all will have, their state of puberty, and will find the evening of their day and pass on to resurrection, or reconstruction in a more rarified or refined firmament, formed from their own vital aura; having there, as here, their central head or representative, around which the planetary family will revolve as members of the solar fraternity. Now man stands at the head of nature's great family of existences, and is therefore a complete and true representative of all below him. To represent truly is to make manifest the living characteristics of the representative's subjects; hence we speak correctly when we say man is an epitome of nature. This being the fact, we must expect to see him follow in the wake of the solar system in all the movements of life; only that his manifestations be carried out upon a higher octave or life plane. He must have his lights and shades, or mornings, noons and nights, and his seasons of spring and summer, autumn and winter. We see then, like the sun, planets and their satellites, the human family have, first, their individual spheres or rather polar lines; and next, under the law of society, their orbits in which to revolve; their movements resulting in broader and higher systems of action. Each individual is, as it were, a planet endowed with intelligence suited to the sphere of action in which he is destined to move. Each has his or her own period of organic commencement, point of maturity and decadence, manifesting at each stage a phenomenon corresponding to his planes of development respectively. The same is seen in national life, only upon a larger scale.

Nations, like planets, are born; they mature and die, so to speak. As a race, man moves in a still more comprehensive sphere, repeating all the phenomena witnessed in the lesser cycles of life. In all these phases, the family, the nation and the race have each their central representative, who, like the sun in our solar system, sends out his rays of intelligence to illuminate the moral horizon of humanity; at the same time each individual maintaining his own rights as a member of the whole. This principle of representation is markedly manifest in the social, intellectual, moral, and the religious or spiritual phases of life's unfoldments. I might extend this line of argument to the very domain of thought itself, and show, from the phrenic constitution of man, that his very thoughts, ideas, and yet larger units of knowledge, move in the strictest harmony with, and in conformity to, the self-same law of unity that governs and directs the planets in their sphere. But I can only hint at the fact of this grand theme. From the portals of vision (the eye) to the central brain organ, move all images that enter the great temple of mind, passing in their orbital lines from organ to organ until the grand circuit is made, and the movements ultimate in knowledge, created by each organ or faculty of mind, confirmed and approved by the central judge of all.

Again, it is said by a talented phrenologist that the human head is so constructed that if we draw a line from the opening of the ear to the top, and another to the lower end of the nose, the two lines will include an angle of thirty degrees, i.e., one-twelfth part of a circle. By repeating the same angle around the head, we find that one includes the forehead; and one the space from the nose to the chin, and so on until the twelve spaces include the entire cranium. This gives three in front, three above, three behind, and the same number below, making four "trinities," or twelve signs corresponding to the twelve signs of the zodiac. Five of these angles are in the face and neck, and seven of them in the brain. There we have the numbers 3, 5, 7 and 12, all used, or sacred numbers, by our orient ancestors in pointing out some of the fundamental principles of their astro-religion, or star-man.

But again, the brain is divided into two lobes—the right and left hemispheres. Also two centres—the *artu* and *latu*. One of our great teachers in the phrenic science divides our mental faculties thus: First, the entire brain taken as a unit; second, the two centres; third, by three classes; fourth, twelve groups; fifth, twenty-four leaders; sixth, thirty-six pairs, and seventh, seventy-two organs in all. There we have added to the science of number, 1, 2 and 24, with their multiples, all used as sacred numerical representatives in ancient astro-religion. Let us now see if we can utilize them to our present purpose. First, No. 1 represents the central sun of our solar system, used conveniently to represent the individual brain or entity, which, in its turn, points to the One Infinite intelligence in whose image we are. It may also point to one eternity, one humanity and one destiny. No. 2 represents, first, the principles of day and night, or darkness and light; secondly, the summer and winter seasons (heat and cold); third, by the male and female, the two brain hemispheres, the two centres, etc.; also, the extra and intra-worlds—the two internal senses of man, viz., reason and intuition, and the two great forces, the positive and negative, that characterize all things known to man, including even his most refined conceptions and speculations of Father-and-Mother-God. No. 3, the trine, represents the sun, moon and stars; the morning, mid-day and evening; the past, present and future; the soul, body and spirit. Applied to the family relations it represents father, mother and offspring; or, upon a larger scale, the family, the national and racial life. It points to the classification of our mental faculties in their three aspects of force—the constructive or intellectual; the attractive or social; and

the impulsive or active; thus giving a scientific idea of mental trinity, viewed by the learned Plato as "Love, Wisdom and Power." No. 4, the Evangelical number, represents, first, the four quarters of the globe, or cardinal lines of direction—points of compass, N. E. S. W.; also the four general elements, as usually understood, earth, air, water and fire, and the four seasons. It represents, also, the four trinities, not only of the zodiacal signs, but likewise those of the human cranium, before mentioned. No. 5, applies strictly to the external plane of things, though not so frequently used in ancient astro-religion, yet it served to express the five winter months as recognized by the Orientals. And as winter represents the death of the year it was used also to represent the physical or dying side of life; is seen in the five general divisions of Nature, viz: the great airy sea or firmament, the mineral, vegetable and the animal kingdoms, coronated with the human. It points also to the five external signs or angles in the circle of the human cranium, pointing away from the mental, but embracing the bodily or physical man. A more beautiful illustration of the sacred property of the number five is to be seen in the universally recognized five external senses. It is, all in all, a number expressive of external completeness. Seven seems to have been a crowning number with the ancients, as its application can be conspicuously and readily traced in all "sacred" history known to man. Its astronomical representative, perhaps, was first recognized in the Pleiades, the central one of which cluster is the "Beautiful Alcyone," moving around about the great cone of the solar world, and around which our Sun, with all its shining retinue, perform their stately procession, as their acknowledged representative. It points out the seven months of the summer season, as viewed by the Orientals; also the seven original colors. As applied to man it points to the seven general laws, embracing all mental phenomena, viz.: "Classification, Location, Form, Evolution, Potency, Nervation and Unity" of the mental faculties. It represents the seven signs or angles of the circle of the human head—the degrees or parts embracing the brain—the seven degrees of individual earth-life experienced in the ascending and descending scale of our being; and probably pointed to the seven heavens of Hindoo discovery, more enlarged upon by the great Swedenborg; and still more recently beautifully illustrated by the Modern Seer, A. J. Davis, in his "Nature's Divine Revelations." It may allude to the seven attributes of the Spirit, as partially represented by the great Reichenbach, more fully explained by the Rev. Fishbaugh, and almost brought to perfection by the learned Dr. E. D. Babbitt. See "Principles of Light and Color." And last, though not least, it may represent the seven universal attributes or forces ruling and directing all movements in heaven and earth, expressed by John (the Revelator), another so-called mythical personage, as constituting the "seven spirits of God." Twelve, the apostolic number in its external sense of meaning points to the twelve signs of the zodiac; the twelve months of the year, and the twelve hours of the day, upon an average the year round. It points also to the twelve angles, or degrees of the convolutions of the cranium, setting forth the mental and physical proportions; as also the twelve divisions or groups of the phrenic organs. The number twenty-four, as applied to the "elders" seen by John around the throne, represents physically the Chaldean division of the period of the earth's rotation upon its axis, and mentally points to the twenty-four orders belonging to and directing the twelve groups of the brain.

I might prolong my remarks, but enough is already said to show to the reflecting mind, that man, in a thousand ways, is a true representative of great nature in all her movements, especially those of the solar system; thereby demonstrating the fact that man in his religions, nay, his whole mental phase of life, is most beautifully and wisely typified by the orderly movements of the seasons and the planetary world. Therefore the history of man, the greater, embraces in its divine revelations all the glories and sublime facts of the lesser—the sun, moon and stars. But you ask, "What has this to do with Jesus of Nazareth?" I answer, "Everything."

If I have shown that there is in man, that which corresponds to and represents the seasons in their courses, and the measurements of time by still greater cycles—if there is that in the movement of mind which repeats and illustrates the orderly established motions of the stars as they play their aerial gambols through the deep infinity of space, nay, if the very phrenic constitution or brain of man is in form an ellipse, and the thoughts that traverse that great temple, like the stars in yonder blue vault, move in their respective ethereal orbits around the indwelling spirit as their source divine; and if, too, I have shown that the history imputed to Jesus as a great, moral and religious teacher, embracing in its philosophy a phase of active life so strictly in accord with the revelations of great old Nature, that to write it down would be to draw a perfect word-picture of the skyey bower of eternity—the home of the soul, why, then, I have shown clearly and conclusively, that not only is his (Jesus) personal existence possible, but even more than probable; since said history is written of some one. And I see nothing miraculous or even mysterious in calling the name of said teacher Jesus, as the name is just as good as any. Nay, it is most appropriate, as the same Jesus originally stood thus: "*I es us*," each syllable signifying in the language of those by whom used, something divine—superlatively good. And surely such a qualifying phrase would be quite apropos to much of the teachings, and especially the workings of the great Nazarene medium. Of course there are thrown around this great and good man, as has been the case with many other of the "Messiahs," historical garbs of priestly manufacture, conferring upon him Divine honors—the title of "Deity," the "Mighty God," etc., etc., which neither justice nor common sense would admit for a moment.

But it is now my time to query, and I ask, what has priestly nonsense and human credulity to do with the possibility or impossibility of a man possessing extraordinary medial powers, living nearly two thousand years ago, called Jesus by name; and who did many mighty works, very like those performed now-a-days through the instrumentality of many of our best mediums when under angelic control? Why nothing—positively nothing.

Allow me, brother, to state in conclusion, that my experience in spirit intercourse concerning the real identity of this great and good brother, has been somewhat different from thine. It has been my good pleasure to converse by proxy, with a spirit purporting to be Jesus of Nazareth, not

however, the son of a "Ghost," nor of a "Virgin," but the "Son of Man," as he called himself, when a denizen of our sphere, he admitting the time and locality of his birth, his labors with all the common sense portions of the history of his life to be in the general, correct. Upon one occasion, under his powerful, but genial control, I was made the humble instrument for the performing of one of the most astounding cures upon the person of a small infant, in the fewest moments, by the "laying on of hands."

There is a cause deeply seated in the mental constitution of man, for those crowning figures of human perfection, so to speak, making their advent, like huge comets at distant, though regular periods, among the children of men. But my paper is already too long to attempt to point out or elucidate the grand moving force and its comet-like governing these supreme phenomena. I will only say that, when well understood, the subject of man and his astronomical relations will lead to the grand discovery of the cause of the general phenomena witnessed in the births and deaths of national governments, the rising and falling of empires, times and terms of war and peace. In short, will reveal the "Great Book of Life," in its relation of one cycle to another. Or, at least, it thus seems to me. Now brother, I know I have been tedious—but my theme is one of no small magnitude. I hope it will be found meritorious in thy scrutinizing mental capacity, and receive space in the columns of *MIND AND MATTER*. If it be found knotty, hew to the line, let us not fear investigation. Jesus either did or else he did not exist. Let us have light.

Unionport, Ind.

[We with pleasure give space for this learned and ingenious disquisition of friend Mendenhall, but we must frankly confess we fail to see how it proves that "Jesus was not a myth, but a reality." Indeed we think that throughout, it tends to show that Jesus was neither God nor man, but merely a mythical personification of human thoughts. When friend Mendenhall says he has conversed with the spirit of Jesus by proxy, "Not with the son of a 'Ghost' or a 'Virgin,'" and that he confirmed the account given of his history, we have the very best reason to know that he was badly imposed upon by some spirit foe to truth. That he ever healed a child by power imparted by that mythical abstraction there is no evidence of whatever. Such things are happening every day without any such intervention. Better let the old fable rest where its authors placed it. It has grown out of date as of historical value.—J. M. R.]

## News From Springfield, Mass.

During February, A. A. Wheclock, of Utica, N. Y., occupied the platform of the Spiritualist Society of this city. The Society hold their meeting in Gills' hall, a very beautiful room in Gills' art store, capable of seating 500 people. Mr. Wheclock is an earnest and very forcible speaker, and appears to be influenced by a noble band of spirits. A very pleasant sociable was held at the hall at the close of his ministrations, and about \$100 placed in the treasury of the Society. Cephas B. Lynn, Mrs. Fannie Allyn, Capt. H. H. Brown and Mrs. R. Shepard, have spoken here the past season. Several copies of *MIND AND MATTER* are taken here.

Dr. Amanda Harthan, whose free offer of medical assistance is to be found in another column of your paper, has taken new rooms at 305½ Main street, and is enlarging her practice.

Dr. W. A. Towne, the magnetic healer has his office at 431 Main street, and has frequent calls from old school physicians, who seek his aid in the treatment of difficult nervous cases.

His friends gave him a surprise party last week, and filled his parlors with a merry company for a couple of hours, and the Doctor and his genial wife beamed with the best of good feelings, sweetening the whole company with a generous supply of some of the best of candy, his own manufacture.

Harvey Lyman one of the veterans in the cause here, is at work at Lake Pleasant most of the time now, where a large hotel 50x90 feet and three stories high is going up. The managers of the camp-meeting there expect a very large gathering this year, and are making extensive preparations to feed and lodge all the people.

The Fitchburg Military Band will furnish music as usual, and the dancing will this year be under the direction of Mr. Barbone, of Greenfield Mass.

A large stock of ice has been secured from the pure waters of the Lake.

The Fitchburg Railroad Co., are proposing some better system of drainage at the camp-meeting, and probably drain pipes will be laid over the most thickly settled part of the encampment. It is intended to pump the water by a steam engine this year.

## Confirmation of a Communication.

HARRISBURG, March 1, 1880.

In reply to inquiries about a communication in the March number of *MIND AND MATTER* I would say, there was a lady by the name of Margaret Miller, who passed to the spirit-world within the last twelve months, who hung closely to the Methodists and accepted their views. I was called on by her mother to see her while she lay upon her death-bed. She then made the expression to me that she had no desire to get well. Two weeks after I was notified of her death and have not heard from her since until seeing the communication. On Saturday last I called at the house, but, on inquiry, was informed that the family had moved to Northumberland county. As a family they did not believe in spirit communion, but called on me for healing powers. Time may develop further information and particulars.

Friend Roberts, in connection with the above, I will give a short account of a cure performed by our spirit band. The gentleman was 70 years of age. He accidentally fell, causing a severe injury, from which a cancer commenced growing on the ear. In five weeks' time it grew to quite a large cancer. It was very painful and impaired his health very much. At our circle we were informed by our spirit friends they would cure it; and as we had consulted several earthly doctors they said the only remedy would be to cut it out, and that would be very uncertain, taking his age into consideration. However, at the circle that evening, our spirit friends prepared and brought to us some strange looking stuff, requesting